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LETTERS OF MRS. JAMES G. BLAINE

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OF

MRS. JAMES G. BLAINE

EDITED BY

HARRIET S. BLAINE BEALE

VOLUME II

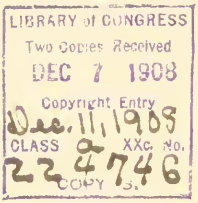


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LETTERS OF
Mrs. JAMES G. BLAINE

To M., in Paris

821 Fifteenth St.
Monday morning, Washington,
March 13, 1882.

Dearest M., — To what straitened members do you suppose your family is reduced? Only C. A. and I are now left to fill that hospitable board, whose yearning breaches of themselves, are enough to drive hilarity from the feast.

Your Father has just left on the Limited, for Pittsburgh and West Pennsylvania, and his coal fields in particular. He unites with Andrew Carnegie at Harrisburg. Going, your dearest Pater left his namesake sick in bed, and C. A. and myself in our usual health, though why I, who have slept on the sofa in my room for three successive nights, should feel well, is one of those mysteries known only to an early New England bringing up. And with the

care and the nursing, I have had your Father to sustain, who regularly as the hour when twilight lets its curtain down and pins it with a star, lets down his spirits and pins them with his woe-begone countenance. And you know how night at the worst always halves our joys and doubles our sorrows, and then while Jamie has been sick, we have had the inexpressible grief of following Lord George Montagu [1] down the dark valley, for Jamie's doctor, Lincoln, was his doctor, and he knew almost from the beginning that there was no chance for him, and he feared that Jamie's trouble was the same, diphtheria, though it has now resolved itself into intermittent fever of a malarial type and not of the stubborn kind. I send from the Post the account of Lord George, so that you may see how suddenly and stupidly he lost his life. He had Phil's old rooms on I street. Since your Father has gone, Mrs Sherman, or Rachel rather, has sent in for Abby to lunch, so I am literally alone this noon. Lewis will bring me something up on a waiter, probably enough for twenty people. I dined at the President's Wednesday, going out to the table with Judge David Davis.[2] The

[1] Lord George Francis Montagu, third son of the Sixth Duke of Manchester, third Secretary of the British Legation; he died in Washington, March 12, 1882.

[2] David Davis, appointed Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court to succeed Mr. Justice McClean and candidate of

dinner was extremely elegant, hardly a trace of the old White House taint being perceptible anywhere, the flowers, the damask, the silver, the attendants, all showing the latest style and an abandon in expense and taste. But this is all there is of it. The President sat between Mrs E. and Mrs. F., and showed plainly that he was a great sufferer, while opposite and far removed down the side of the table, sat Mrs Wadsworth, E. B., Mrs. Hale and Tillie Frelinghuysen, with any one of whom he would have gladly fraternized. I have nothing political to tell you. The Stalwarts, as you will see, are now making a raid on Garfield's old letters. With love,

H. S. B.

821 Fifteenth St.
Friday morning, March 24th, 1882.

Dearest M., — Would that you could be acquainted with your family's affairs, without the aid of my uncertain, hysterical pen, then would you hear H. practicing her part of her duet with her teacher, Miss Clare, at this very moment, your Father talking in the far corner of the dining room, in the window,

Labor Reform party for President in 1872. Resigning his judgeship, he was sent by the Illinois independents to the Senate, of which he was elected presiding officer upon Vice-President Arthur's succession to the Presidency. He died in 1886.

with Mr Parsons, on business plans, Jamie looking more like Oliver Twist than ever, pale, tall, weak, wandering forlornly over the house, looking for the consideration, the nursing, the petting, the atmosphere of the sick room, from which he is just emancipated. Here enters Fagie with the morning Tribune, and Mr. Parsons at once loses all that is left of his listener. I have been answering notes, one to Mrs W., who has invited your Father to dine tomorrow with two charming Miss T's, who are in deep mourning, are from Philadelphia, and wish to meet Mr Blaine. Alas, I have peremptory orders from headquarters to decline, which I have done in honeyed accents, very different from those in which the lion refused to be bored, and one to Mrs Hale, who has asked us to dinner to meet Mr and Mrs Fish. Here too, I have sent diplomatic regrets.

I hope you will read and digest the interview of the Pater in the Post[1] yesterday. We all deprecate the necessity of coming before the public, but it was a question of self preservation. With love from all,

H. S. B.

[1] Interview in Washington Post on the subject of Mr. Trescott's mission and the revoking of the instructions originally given to him.

821 Fifteenth St. Thursday morning April 20th 1882.

Dearest M., — I am reduced to your two sisters and Jamie for children now, Emmons having left for Chicago with reluctance Monday morning. Each visit home only seems to tighten the tie that binds this beloved son to his mother.

Tuesday afternoon, to give events chronologically, your Father, Alice, C. A., H. and I, attended Maggie Nurse's wedding at St. Dominic's. Fagie was married at five in the afternoon and bore herself with great dignity. She was a comely looking lass, and I have no doubt from the priest's complimentary remarks to the bridegroom, that she has done well. The last time Fagie was here, I asked her if she would like your shepherd's plaid. She was delighted, but a vain search brought to our minds the recollection that it was sent to Missouri. Not Fagie's back, some other back. Excuse me.

Have I written that Capt Boutelle was staying with us? It would do you good to hear the old fashioned ring to his after breakfast talk, but while he is all Blaine, the chief of his clan is more and more devoting himself to business, till it is really re-assuring, to note how little he cares for the Senate, the Cabinet, or any other elevation within the suffrages of the people. I am delighted because I have always regarded a hanging on to place, as one of

the melancholy inevitables of political life, so if now in the very zenith of his reputation, your Father can seek other skies in which to shine, is it not wiser for him and better for us all?

Dear M., — I am writing in the dining room, where your Father is looking over a large mail, and C. A. the newspapers, trying to get some light on the unfathomable abyss of Cavendish's [1] death.

Jamie has his much thumbed Cæsar in his hand, but his heart is not there with it. Poor Major Twining has died very much as Lord George Montague died, from trying to freeze out a cold. The saddest part of it is, that he was engaged to M. W.

Returning from our Sunday walk yesterday afternoon, we met the President, who looked embarrassed. All his ambition seems to center in the social aspect of the situation. Flowers and wine and food, and slow pacing with a lady on his arm, and a quotation from Thackeray or Dickens, or an old Joe Miller told with an uninterfered-with particularity, for who would interrupt or refuse to laugh at a President's joke, make up his book of life, whose leaves are certainly not for the healing of the nation.

[1] Lord Frederick Cavendish, a nephew by marriage of Mr. Gladstone, who appointed him Irish Secretary. With Lord Spencer, viceroy of Ireland, he was murdered in Phœnix Park within a few days after his arrival in Dublin.

We lost two dinners last Saturday, one at the B's, given to the Struves,[1] the new Russian Minister and his wife, the other at the Hunts, to the Garfield cabinet. The first was declined because of your Father's absence in New York, the second, greatly to my delight, fell through because of Judge Hunt's sickness.

WASHINGTON April 28th, 1882. Friday evening.

DEAREST M., — How am I ever to write you or any one else any letters, with the house full all the time, and the most interesting and exciting examination going on before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs?[2] It takes a large part of the day to read all

[1] Charles de Struve, Russian Minister to the U. S. from 1882–92.

[2] "The principal inquiries with which the Committee (Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives) is charged is whether one or more ministers plenipotentiary of the United States were personally interested in the business transactions in which the intervention of this government was requested or expected in the affairs of Chili and Peru. The discussion . . . may be divided under three heads.

"First: The condition of affairs in Chili and Peru. . . .

"Second: The history and claims of the parties who requested the intervention of the United States. . . .

"Third: Investigation as to the connection between ministers plenipotentiary of the United States and these parties."

The parties mentioned in the second clause were the Cochet or Peruvian Co. claimants, the Landreau claimant and the Crédit Industrial, a French Company organized in Paris in 1859, and the investigation was made necessary by the charges of the agent of the Peruvian Company, Jacob R. Shipherd of New York, to the effect that our minister to Peru, Mr. Stephen A. Hurlburt, was in the pay of the

the report, but I hope you will manage to read every word of the Tribune's most excellent account, and

Crédit Industrial. The proceedings were complicated and saddened by the sudden death of Mr. Hurlburt as he was embarking for this country, so that, in the words of the Report, "the lips of the most important and interested witness were forever closed." "It was also charged that the Hon. Levi P. Morton, our Minister to France, after his appointment as Minister, became interested in a contract with the Crédit Industrial for the sale of Peruvian products in the United States. . . . As it has been impossible wholly to separate these ministers from the home State Department, whose representatives they were, and under whose instructions they were bound to act, it is proper to state that there has not been the slightest intimation or even hinted suspicion that any officer in the Department of State has at any time had any personal or pecuniary interest, real or contingent attained or sought, in any of these transactions."

The investigation resulted in the most entire vindication of both the gentlemen named, and in the complete discrediting of Mr. Shipherd. "If Shipherd had any grounds for this accusation beyond the jealousy and suspicion engendered by his own nature . . . they were but the vagrant hearsay scandals which he has been unable even approximately to substantiate. . . . There is no evidence that he (Mr. Hurlburt) did anything regarding either of these claims beyond instructions which from time to time he received, and nothing in the remotest degree casting suspicion upon his absolute integrity. . . . The Committee are clearly of the opinion that Mr. Morton has done nothing and at no time had he the remotest intention of doing anything which could compromise the honorable discharge of his official duties."

During the course of the investigation, Mr. Blaine was called upon to testify as a witness for Mr. Hurlburt and incidentally was questioned as to the proceedings of the State Department in connection with the Landreau and Crédit Industrial claims and other South American interests. He was subjected to a degree of discourtesy which even the manifest ignorance of the gentleman conducting the examination in regard to the questions involved could not excuse.

The passages quoted are taken from the Chili-Peru Investigation, House Reports, First session, 47th Congress, Volume 6.

you will not fail, I am sure, to see that Perry Belmont is only the cat's paw of others. But I thank thee, Jew, even for all your baseness, since your Father has been able, through it, in the most notable manner, to get his South American policy before the world — and at last, I believe it will be known and read of all men. You cannot imagine how grand your Father seems to me; perfectly simple and natural, sleeping well and eating, and without one particle of pettiness or vanity in his whole composition. Wednesday Gerster [1] breakfasted here. We had a lovely breakfast, with Mr. and Mrs. Victor Drummond and Mrs Cameron and lots of others for guests, and Gerster sang, and everybody was enthusiastic over the affair, and I am engaged now for all kinds of evenings and lunches and parties. To-day, I have been out with Mrs Kinsley, and Rachel Sherman has been here, burning with excitement, and altogether, I am very much unsettled at my finger tips, so you must excuse this worse than usual bad writing.

All your letters have reached us and have been read with infinite pleasure. I hope your tailor dress is all it ought to be. Abby has a wonderful, a much-talked of paper in the last North American,[2] " The

[1] Etelka Gerster, the singer.

[2] An article on the assassination and death of President Garfield and the conviction of Guiteau.

Spent Bullet." After this I must do better about letters, but you know when I am nervous, my hand goes first, and I cannot write. Aunt Hannah Clark is dead. Fagie has been here this afternoon, in her wedding dress and all. Says there never was such a sensation as your Father being present at her wedding made. No news yet about who will take the European trip this summer. With love,

H. S. B.

821 Fifteenth St. Washington, May 1st, 1882,
Monday morning.

Dearest M., — I am going out to luncheon with C. A. at Mrs. Robeson's to meet Mrs. Sherwood[1] of New York at half past one, and it has just struck twelve, and my colleague at the lunch sits here copying the letter of Emmons' which you will get with this and which came this morning, very much affected by the uncertainty attending her bonnet, which was to have come before this, which she is depending on, as her feathers have been taken from the winter, to adorn the summer, hat.

I hope you will feel no less indignant than Emmons when you are in full possession of the report of the

[1] M. E. W. Sherwood (Mrs. John Sherwood) of New York; she wrote a book of her social reminiscences called "Here, There, and Everywhere."

examinations, but do not you regret them. There was nothing our beloved wanted so much as to get his South American policy before the world, and a great deal of it is certainly now where everyone can read it.[1] Moreover, all the diplomats evidently re-

[1] In an address made by the Hon. Elihu Root, present Secretary of State (1908), before the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress, Kansas City, Missouri, November 20, 1906, occurs the following paragraph on Mr. Blaine's South American policy:

"Twenty-five years ago Mr. Blaine, sanguine, resourceful, and gifted with that imagination which enlarges the historian's understanding of the past into the statesman's comprehension of the future, undertook to inaugurate a new era of American relations which should supplement political sympathy by personal acquaintance, by the intercourse of expanding trade, and by mutual helpfulness. As Secretary of State under President Arthur, he invited the American nations to a conference to be held on the 24th of November, 1882, for the purpose of considering and discussing the subject of preventing war between the nations of America. That invitation, abandoned by Mr. Frelinghuysen, was renewed under Mr. Cleveland, and on the 2d of October, 1889, Mr. Blaine, again Secretary of State under President Harrison, had the singular good fortune to execute his former design and to open the sessions of the First American Conference at Washington. In an address of wisdom and lofty spirit, which should ever give honor to his memory, he described the assembly as 'an honorable, peaceful conference of seventeen independent American powers, in which all shall meet together on terms of absolute equality; a conference in which there can be no attempt to coerce a single delegate against his own conception of the interests of his nation; a conference which will permit no secret understanding on any subject, but will frankly publish to the world all its conclusions; a conference which will tolerate no spirit of conquest, but will aim to cultivate an American sympathy as broad as both continents; a conference which will form no selfish alliance against the older nations from which we are proud to claim inheritance — a conference, in fine, which will seek nothing, propose nothing,

gard the late Secretary of State as the one formidable American.

Your Father goes to New York to-morrow to be away all the week, coming back Saturday to dine at Mrs Hunt's with the Garfield Cabinet. Capt Boutelle left yesterday, having had a charming visit. He was not intending to go till to-day, but Saturday, at the new house, he had the misfortune to sprain his ankle, and as Mr Manley and Mr Bigelow

endure nothing that is not, in the general sense of all the delegates, timely, wise, and peaceful.'

"The policy which Mr. Blaine inaugurated has been continued; the Congress of the United States has approved it; subsequent Presidents have followed it. The First Conference at Washington has been succeeded by a Second Conference in Mexico, and now by a Third Conference in Rio de Janeiro; and it is to be followed in years to come by further successive assemblies in which the representatives of all American States shall acquire better knowledge and more perfect understanding and be drawn together by the recognition of common interests and the kindly consideration and discussion of measures for mutual benefit.

"Nevertheless, Mr. Blaine was in advance of his time. In 1881 and 1889 neither had the United States reached a point where it could turn energies away from its own internal development and direct them outward towards the development of foreign enterprises and foreign trade, nor had the South American countries reached the stage of stability in government and security for property necessary to their industrial development.

"Now, however, the time has come; both North and South America have grown up to Blaine's policy; the production, the trade, the capital, the enterprise of the United States have before them the opportunity to follow, and they are free to follow, the pathway marked out by the far-sighted statesmanship of Blaine for the growth of America, North and South, in the peaceful prosperity of a mighty commerce."

were going straight through, they persuaded him to go with them.

Time 's up, good-bye, with love,

H. S. B.

821 Fifteenth St. Washington May 8th, 1882.
Monday morning.

Dearest M., — I suppose I wrote Augusta at the top of this page, because I was thinking of something which happened in that town of blessed memories twenty-seven years ago this morning. Dear old Walker, I can hear his first cry this minute, and how I loved it! If all is well with him, I know he has turned his heart homeward and backward. What to do with my dearest M. this summer, is the question which more than any other, stays in my thoughts. Mr. Rollins, who expects to sail with his three children and sister, the 24th, has offered to take you with him on a three months' travel. I do not really think you could do much better than join their company, for Italy and Switzerland, etc. I shall send him your present address, leaving to you the decision. Then there are the Hamlins! Would you like Spain for the summer? Emmons could go over to you, but I suppose his sole escort would not be without its embarrassments.

Your Father returned from New York Saturday

afternoon. He telegraphed me to meet him at the station, and from there he, I, and H, who was with me, with her book, and wrapped in my red camel's hair, for it was cold as winter, drove to the new house, where we found everything progressing famously. They are now putting up the piazza. Then we came home, picked up C A and Alice, and drove to the Brodhead House, where Mr Willis [1] was having a kettledrum, under Mrs Emory's auspices. The tea was lukewarm and the house was cold, and I could not get the beloved, as Mr Chandler once loved to call him, soon enough away. By dint of pacing all the rooms, to convince me how superior my own were, he managed to take exercise enough to keep himself warm.

The Maine Republicans are circulating a petition to your Father — there they are again — to represent the State as Congressman at Large. Nothing would as yet induce him to go back to public life. To put the energy and time and temper into the House, which it would require to secure and hold its control, he told me this morning would lose him a fortune, which the same effort otherwise applied would make for him. "O, Mother, Mother Blaine," he said, "I have so much to do, I know not which way

[1] Richard Storrs Willis of Detroit, brother of N. P. Willis, the well-known poet and litterateur.

to turn." "Good!" said I. "Yes," said he, "is n't it perfectly splendid?" A very different cry from the "O Mother, Mother Blaine, tell me what is the matter with me?" which has so often assailed my earliest waking ear, and which always makes my very soul die within me.

I had a note from E. Friday. She never looked prettier or appeared better than at my breakfast party on Tuesday. You know I had sixteen, Mrs Platt on one side and Mrs Sherwood of New York on the other. Mrs Platt is so kind to me always when I am at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, I wanted to show her some special attention.

821 Fifteenth St. Sunday afternoon, May 21st, 1882.

Dearest M., — I have given up all idea of visiting Europe this summer. Your Father never seems to remember the proposition two half hours together, and again I could not see myself how to arrange for so many helpless people. H. could not stay, Jamie rebelled utterly, Alice must be housekeeper, and here was Walker coming home, and your Father a little uneasy about his business and tethered to the State campaign, and altogether, I seem to have to keep the fox and the goose apart, and never to leave the corn with the goose, which requires too much manœuvring.

Emmons has told Mr Hughitt that he expects to be at home this summer, and will give up his position on their road the first of June. Whereupon his boss tells him to take an indefinite leave of absence, and when he wishes to return, to let him know, and he will fix him a place — all of which speaks very well for Emmons's standing. I am now writing on Monday while waiting for your Father to come to breakfast. All the windows are open, and summer seems at last to visit us, which makes me pine for Augusta, but as Walker will be here early in June, we have no idea of breaking up, till after our dear wanderer is back in the fold. C. A. goes this week, and Mrs Hunt leaves for New York on Thursday, when two of her maids come to me. This gives me three white girls. Your letter telling of your Sunday at Mrs Morton's came Saturday morning, just as we were starting for Baltimore to look at furniture. And as we were on a local which stopped wherever there was a house, we had abundant leisure to enjoy its very interesting details. You cannot think how much I want to know the particulars of your daily life.

With love,

H. S. B.

821 Fifteenth St. Washington May 28th 1882. Sunday.

Dearest M., — I am alone in the house with the servants, a heavenly stillness pervading every

room, save the kitchen, whence ascends Caroline's cracked but beloved voice, singing straight through a Methodist hymn, which however only intensifies the silence, and adds a touch of sweet security to all my sensations, for her presence means a savory lunch, or toothsome dinner — a good meal, call it by what name you will.

We have had our first break-up. C. A. left on Friday for Philadelphia, New York and finally Hamilton. I took my bag and went with her to her first halting place, or rather, she went with me, as I was anxious to visit Philadelphia on a curtain expedition. After tiring out both body and mind, fruitlessly, I believe, I came home, parting with my companion at the station, where she stood arrayed in a brown dress, a red shawl and a gray hat, her strapped bundle, her bag and her knitting basket in her hand, the embodiment of genius and the very picture of a strong-minded woman, reminding me of the years that are gone, taking with them Aunt Eunice and Aunt Locke and Aunt Sarah, her relatives and mine, who have never lived on the earth with you. I found your Father still away, but he has now reached home, having left Cincinnati last night. His spirits are good as can be, so is his health, but you cannot interest him in politics. In business he is immersed. Emmons leaves Chicago in two weeks and goes to Cincinnati as treas-

urer of a railroad. He also has a position on a second road, the two together giving him a salary of three thousand. I am so pleased for him. He will spend a month at home during the summer. Jacky, we look for on Thursday. He will resign, I suppose, when he has straightened out his State Department business, and after that I know not what. All my ideas are played the mischief with by my pens, which will not write, and why should they not resent the liberties which H. and Jamie take with them, the latter always working out his problems with pen and ink, and the other, her descriptions of the theatre, her dolls' houses and her telegrams. I had a letter from Walker written from Lima, May 4th, very homesick as his wont is. Mr C. seems like anybody but himself. Generally he is regarded as selling his birthright. When here, he looks at your Father wistfully, as though he wished to know whether it hurt. But the dear Pater as truly loves on to the close.

H. S. B.

To Miss Dodge

821 Fifteenth St. Washington May 31st
Wednesday morning.

Dear Abby, — Dr. Gallaudet copied off in his best hand your address, pushed up the footstool, brought

me a glass of water, all before we were out of the station at Philadelphia, and time would fail me to tell his after politenesses, how he cut the leaves of my Harper, dashed out of the cars at Wilmington, returning with sandwiches, strawberries and an orange, a strong contrast to the " no banana " of your postal, and a lesson to you to stick by the gentry hereafter in your travels. But all this is beside the purpose with which I sat down to write, which was to tell you that I am miserably sick. Do you remember how tired I was in Philadelphia? Well, that was because I was already not my best self, and I have not crossed the threshold since I came into the house Saturday afternoon. I found Mr. Blaine still away and the three children well and delighted to have me back. While we were at lunch Sunday, came the well known ring and rat-a-tat, followed as soon as three could get the door open, by the beloved traveler himself, very dirty, but every cinder alive with affection and good spirits. He regards his trip as a most successful one, and Emmons is to leave Chicago in about a week. Really, I have hardly seen Mr. B. for we had people in all Sunday afternoon, then he had to take a bath, a work of time, then dress for the evening, and was at Mrs. Robeson's till after midnight, and yesterday, after a morning of vicissitudes, including the barber, he left at three for Gettysburg, whence he

returns as he has just assured me by telegraph, at two to-day.

I was awfully sick yesterday, as you will believe when I tell you that I resorted to Pope, and his heroic remedies would draw a smile of approval from Morrison and Brandreth. If they only exterminate the chaff, but it seems as though the wheat must be going too. Mr. Elkins was here, and when he found that you as well as Mr. Blaine were gone, it was too, too much. I hope you are as uncomfortable as possible.

Good day to you,

H. S. B.

To M., in Paris

821 Fifteenth St. Saturday afternoon, June 4th, 1882

Dearest M., — You will never forgive me, I know, if I do not enlarge on the home coming of Walker, and yet, now that I am fairly trying to write, here is Alice all dressed for an afternoon picnic, which Rachel Sherman is bossing, if I may use that word referring to a lady — hesitating about going for fear that she may not have a good time, and when I say, "stay at home then, I could never understand a picnic's charm anyhow," she answers, "Oh, I want to go, if there is to be anyone I know, and Rachel says there are very few ladies anyway." And

your Father comes forward, " To my severest and best critic — " " Yes," I say, — " the best left." " The best always — " with his letter declining to run as Congressman at Large, to his petitioners in Maine, and I listen and approve heartily, but object to his *hence*, which I consider an ear mark, at which he laughs and says, " As I am putting my name to it in full, they will not have to look for the ear marks, eh, Tom? " — And Lewis enters with two bills for two colored men who have charged me enormously for their services as waiters, at the Gerster and Sherwood lunches, and as I find that any concession to imposition always bears lasting fruit, it being instanced on all after similar occasions for a precedent, I make a staunch fight, but lose the day, of course, and from my XX only get back a greenback and a silver dollar, and by this time Alice decides to go on her picnic, and comes to me about her lunch, and when this is arranged for, the Pater, now at liberty, as Tom has his letter to copy, discovers that some one has been fingering the frames of his beloved water colors, and now Mr. Elkins, who has stayed to luncheon, discovers that he has only time to reach his train, whereby hangs his Hally and his beloved Heber Newton, whom he must hear preach to-morrow, and darts out of the house like a thunderbolt, taking the sunshine with him, which is a faulty metaphor — and Mr. Trescott,

in a suit of light gray, which he says he has worn all through Peru and Chili, but which is as fresh as though it had just seen the light, comes in to turn over the ever vexed question of South American affairs, and Walker, who has been telephoned for from the State Department to see Mr Elkins, after seeing him out, comes back, rubbing his hands with delight, and saying, "The whole round trip through Peru, Chili and Bolivia, did not afford me as much pleasure as I have had to-day," which brings me back to my babe in the woods. I got a telegram Thursday evening while at dinner from Walker in Philadelphia, saying that he hoped to be at home by 10:10. You ought to have seen H. I thought she would lose her senses. She went flying around, the telegram streaming, her sash ditto, then went at nine to bed, and at ten got up and redressed. You see there was no one but myself and the two children to welcome the boy home. Alice was at Mrs Myer's,[1] and your father had left that morning for West Virginia. Jamie went to the station, the train was on time, and Jacky did not waste many moments over baggage or other minors, but was soon here. Jamie had employed every blessed moment of the drive up, in posting him as to his duties. Your two peppery brothers had a time of it. Walker was too

[1] Wife of Gen. Albert J. Myer, U. S. A., Chief of the Signal Corps.

much excited to eat, so Jamie did full justice to the supper. Then Walker would say "Now, Jamie, you must never mention this," at which the other would roar, then Jacky would apologize, Jamie resume his fork and his good humor, till some allusion to the Shipherd business would start another statement, rebuke and apology. Walker is looking very well, and I am lost in wonder, love and praise at having such a boy, for he has the whole South American business in his head, and he is a most devoted brother to H, and to his Father an anxious and attentive son, and to you M., all that even your exacting heart can ask. Your Father came last night, and only when Walker opened the door to him did he know that he was here.

Devotedly,

H. S. B.

821 Fifteenth St. Monday morning June 12th 1882.

Dearest M., — Lewis is clearing away our regulation breakfast, of which I am so tired, that I have found fault with the coffee, the cream and the ham, though I cared at bottom nothing about their respective merits, your Father making his breakfast this hot, hot morning off baked beans, and Walker, in that summer suit of those summers gone, explaining the coffee and the coffee making of South America. Walker announces with that irresistible lisp of his, "This is my last final appearance." He means that

he is now going to tear himself away from his family for the State Department. He has in his hand his summer hat, and under his arm an immense envelope of despatches. Mr Frelinghuysen does not know him when he sees him, and anything more undecided, vague, hesitating than are the powers of that co-ordinate branch of our great government, it would be hard to imagine. The last Clayton-Bulwer [1] paper is Mr. Davis's, and he is very proud of it, while your Father thinks it is an utterly untenable ground which he has taken, that the treaty is abrogated. I doubt if I have given the technical language, but I would give more for what lies within the frosty pow

[1] The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was from the moment of its ratification in 1850 the subject of more or less contention between the United States and Great Britain. Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State took the position that conditions had changed since 1850 and would still more radically change, and under the contention that any Isthmian canal should be, politically speaking, subject to American control, arranged a compromise to that end with Lord Grenville, English Secretary of Foreign Affairs, in 1881. Mr. Blaine's Isthmian policy was, generally speaking, carried out in 1901 by John Hay, Secretary of State under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt, and the British Minister Lord Pauncefote, in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, by which the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was finally annulled.

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was negotiated originally between John M. Clayton, Secretary of State under President Taylor, for the United States, and the British Minister Sir Henry Bulwer, afterwards Lord Dalling, brother of the famous novelist. Sir Henry was accompanied to Washington by his nephew, the novelist's son Robert, afterwards Lord Lytton, the distinguished diplomatist and author, who under the nom de plume of "Owen Meredith" wrote "Lucile."

of my John Anderson, than all the brains of all the others. Mr Hale is in Maine to attend the convention, and Mrs H came here yesterday to make her farewell visit, she leaving this afternoon, with her servants, children, governess and pony, for Ellsworth first, and later Mt Desert, where she has taken a cottage for two months.

To Miss Dodge

821 Fifteenth St. Monday afternoon, June 19th 1882.

Dear Abby, — Mr Blaine was in New York the most of last week, and when he left home, he took with him a trunk of clothes, including a dress suit, thinking he might spend a Sunday in Hamilton; but Emmons came, and there were all sorts of contretemps about railroad matters, so Saturday afternoon saw him arrived on the Limited, Emmons and I meeting him at the Station, though I cannot lay claim to any sentiment in thus going to him while he was yet a great way off, as I utilized the carriage by shopping all the way down the avenue, at Delarue's for collars, the Palais Royal, for H's stockings and Alice's parasol, a sash at Davis's, shoes at Burns's, and inquiries, fruitless indeed, of Miss Joe at Weelians. The head

of his tribe had traveled in a white necktie from New York, and looked without stain, also sans peur et sans reproche, when we made him welcome in the carriage, but when we had brought him home with rejoicing, we had to stand from under, till he had relieved his mind of its thunders over Trescott's testimony, which he did not like, especially that portion wherein he refuses to discriminate between the veracity of the ex-Secretary and of Mr. Robert Randall,[1] not a Nobilis Frater, Mr B thought. My Latin, I am afraid, does not belong to the Roman period. Poor Walker, who thinks almost no one worthy to unloose Mr Trescott's shoe latch, was in a peck of trouble, and a visit to the house, where apparently no workman had plied his busy oar since he last saw it, did not tend to restore harmony. However, the atmosphere cleared, and ever since has known that dual mixture of heat and cold which old Dr Adams used to pray for. You will infer from my shopping list that I am nearing the end, indeed we should be on our travels to-day if I had a cook. The Edmunds woman, whom I had engaged, has had a brother-in-law die, and so fails me, and Caroline will not leave Washington, and Solomon Hunter unprovided for, so to-day I have enlisted Walker and Tom Sherman

[1] Robert Randall, agent for the Crédit Industrial; see page 9, note 2.

in a civil service, which shall employ the reverend Solomon on the public grounds, and succeeding in this, we shall start on or after Wednesday. Mr B comes to Boston with us, but I shall insist on at least twenty-four hours of Augusta without him. Susan writes that Caroline is not so well. Her condition is truly deplorable. Oh, what should we do without death in the world?

To M., in Europe

Augusta June 29th 1882

My dear M., — I am at home and so busy, for your Father came with me to New York only, and he has promised to stay away till Monday, so that these intervening days are all that I shall have for preparing for the summer, now almost a month old. We reached home Tuesday afternoon at four, Alice, H, Jamie and I. Walker came with us to Baltimore, the Pater to New York, and Emmons met us at Boston, and with prompt energy hurried us across the city, looked up my two new girls at the Parker House, possessed himself of my two score of checks, and before I knew it, I was on board the train for Augusta, breakfastless, but spared that dreary waiting with my odd assortment of servants at the Parker House. Aunt Susan was at the house waiting for us, and

now, M., I have that to tell you which is never out of my thoughts. Aunt Caddy died Friday evening, the 23rd, at half past eight. She went to sleep on Monday, and never woke. Nearly five days she slept, painlessly, and they could hardly tell when her faint breathing really stopped. Emmons was the only one of the family at the funeral.

Friday

I think of you, M., a great deal just now. The solemn stillness which all the air holds, suggests forcibly the loneliness which you must have felt last summer when you came home. I get along very well through the day, but when the evening comes, I wish only to go to bed and sleep till morning. I miss the good society of my Blaine men. And then today has been so awfully suggestive of a year ago. When Jamie came home at a quarter past twelve and said that Guiteau would be hung in fifteen minutes, it seemed to me there was a visible hush through all nature, and by and by, the old telephone sounded, and this was said into my waiting ear, "*He* was hung at 12:35. He died instantly. His neck was broken." Every servant stopped her work to say "I 'm glad he 's gone," and even Mr. Homan could almost desire to give up his anti-capital punishment principle in favor of Guiteau. Oh, if he

only could have died one little year earlier, the difference to me! Your Father said the other day, as he drove by the State Department, "Here I fully expected to raise my Ebenezer for eight years." But you must not imagine that he suffers from one regret for public life, quite the contrary, you could not at present drive him back. The love will revive, I doubt not, but now, he is bound to try other paths. What will you say to this letter? You see I have not yet reached the stationery department, and my ink has been frozen and thawed, fifty times I suppose, and my paper has been gleaned from divers chinks. Walker I told you has sent in his resignation, but it is not yet accepted. He will not be at home till Congress adjourns. With oceans of love,

H. S. B.

To Walker, in Washington

Augusta, July 5th 1882

My dear Walker, — Your missives are one and all as welcome as sunshine would be in this July. And when I say that we are just beginning on another easterly storm, and that your Father arrived in one on Saturday, you will appreciate my comparison. A good fire is blazing in the sitting-room, but it is certainly inadequate to the demands of the occasion,

which are met by the native inhabitants with coal fires in furnaces. I should think such unseasonable weather was never, were I not confronted by my never-tell-a-lie diary of 1880, which reads "July 8th, good fires in parlor and sittingroom. Weather very cold." And words to this effect are under date of the 7th also.

Your dear Daddy got home Saturday afternoon, in his summer suit, thin shoes, silk stockings, old ones at that and very shambling on the foot, and no gaiters. He called for woolen socks and thick shoes, as he came up the walk, and when he stood up on his high soles, the spirit of a man came again into him. He had traveled with a Pullman blanket wrapped all about him on the first day of July. And yet all Augusta is seeking the seashore and the mountain air. Mrs. Lambard called in to see me Monday morning on her way to the train, en route for Jackson, a White Mountain town, where she proposes to spend the heated term. The slight détour was so much like our dear good friend that I chronicle it, as one of the characteristics of Our Village. I am delighted to know that you have sent some disused clothes. I have had to ask back a suit of your Father's which had been in Fred's possession about two hours, and Barbier the cleaner now has it in his tender keeping, and old Hawes, with six boxes of field strawberries and two dozen eggs, sidled up yesterday, in his foolish

way, to know if I had n't a suit of Mr. Blaine's I could let him pay for in berries. "Walker," he said, "promised to look up a suit last summer, but I suppose the President's death put it out of his mind." Shame on those cruel eyes, which bore to look on tennis and dared not look for Hawes! Your Father goes to Boston this afternoon and to New York as soon as he has looked up his safe deposit and some new shirts. It has been pretty hard for him to keep up here, through the rain and the cold and the meagre society.

Off to Boston with the Pater. Home Saturday.

H. S. B.

July 22nd 1882, Augusta, Maine.

Dear Walker, — This blurred paper shows the excitement of your Father over the buried cities of Mrs. Richards, who, with Maud Howe and Harry Richards and the first Orville, took tea here last night. Your dearest Dad, who is the bright particular star generally, in this company, paled his ineffectual fires, and on the lambent and attenuated pathway of a steel pen, was fain to gaze upon those hidden cities, whose names his ears were not quick enough to catch, so that all my beautiful Augusta, Maine paper, I find written over with Shipherd like testimony to this effect: "Thou art sour, oh medi-

æval Jackass!" "Oh gambolling kitten, there is a rat; oh gambolling kitten, catch that rat!" "Stop this infernal music. Open, hag, enough!" "This piece of venison is tough to-night."

I had the pleasure — and it was a pleasure since it was for him — of packing before breakfast three hampers of lunch for Emmons to take on the Circe with him. Broiled chickens, bread and butter, lobsters and the essentials to a salad, blueberry pie and apple turnovers, olives, cheese, sardines, lemons, claret and rum, formed a small portion of the prospective feast for Circe's gormandizing adorers, who expect to reach York Harbor during the evening. But I have not taken my pen to call your attention to the pleasures of gentlefolk — No, it is the sorrows of a poor old man, even Solomon Hunter, that you are to pity and alleviate. Judge of my feelings yesterday when poor, tired, outcast Caroline told me that he had nothing to do. This is clearly a case of noblesse oblige, and Col. Rockwell must open up a chance for him, and you must see to it, or I shall be left without a custodian of that cooking stove, over which the poor thing sweat great drops all day yesterday from early morn till dewy eve.

Mr Trescott and Henry got off yesterday on the ten o'clock train. Nine cases of anti-Maine-law having put in their timely appearance Thursday morn-

ing, the pair did very well, both the claret and the whiskey proving incomparably good. Judge Libby [1] also called and tested and attested to the virtues of the latter. I thought the Trescotts were going at three on the day you left, but your Father, as is his wont, was a little late over his business, so that they could not get off until Friday, so Emmons took Henry with Alice and me to Gardiner, where we took the yacht, having a wonderfully beautiful and enjoyable sail to and around Swan Island with the always bright Richards, Gardiner and Howe crowd, taking tea with the Harry Richardses, Fred being summoned by telephone to come down and bring us home. As was to be expected, Mr. Brown was slightly ruffled, and gave vent to his feelings by various sotto voce remarks to the effect that "Jip would give out this time sure. Could n't expect no horse to stand Mr. Trescott and Mr. Blaine first, and Mr. Emmons and all them Gardiner folks afterwards." But when he heard me express an unbounded satisfaction in their, the horses', fatigued appearance, he pleaded a headache, meekly surrendered the reins to Emmons, who, at last following your advice, let them run down all the hills, so that we came dancing out of Ireland into France, in a way which did not permit one of us to draw a

[1] Artemas Libby of Augusta, Judge of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine.

breath, till we drew it and the reins together, at our own welcome gateway. We found your Father, who always rises to the occasion of an imaginary peril, wisely skipping the real ones, with Mr. Trescott and Orville in the library, the ex-envoy smoking of course, all the gas lighted in that room and the billiard room, all the draughts quenched, but all three perfectly happy and not aware of their stifling purgatory, till I had moved them into the heaven of the pure air of the parlor, where they failed to find the thread of their talk and wandered wretchedly to and fro. Mem.—never to disturb people who are unaware of the defects of their surroundings. Full bowls will not bear moving; if you joggle the milk, the cream will not rise. These are not Poor Richard's, but are worthy him, and the comparison was suggested by Mrs. Webber, who anticipated my many times delayed breakfast, with butter, cream and eggs, all of the best, and which cost me $5.96, the four pennies remaining from the fifth dollar representing all the cash now on hand in the family, that faithful brown bag of mine, whose inside your hand knows so well, having already this morning furnished Emmons with the sinews of his York trip, paid Julia for the laundering of twenty-nine shirts, several white waistcoats and all the other belongings of a certain prince whom I know, who, however, when you take him to

pieces, is not all clothes — paid for four tickets to a tea raffle which the Rev. Father Swenie, if that is his name, is raffling for the benefit of his most Holy Church, and loaned a V. I am not sure that I have carried out that last narrative to a parsable conclusion, but you know I could, if I would put my grammatical mind on that or any other sentence. But time is short, and the towels on which I have to work a big, big "B" before the Blaine family and their summer friends can wash and be clean, are many, and I cannot re-read. I had a letter from M. yesterday, written at Venice on the 4th, which I read to Emmons sitting with me on the porch, and to your Father sitting in the library. You can imagine the key to which my voice was pitched, especially as the lounge on which the Pater was sitting brought his deaf ear outside; and as my wrist is still very lame, will you drop this letter in the letterbox just as soon as you have read it? The address is her latest, and the letter is, as you may infer, to intercept her in London. She says she was looking down on lovely Florence at the very moment when Guiteau was giving up his wretched life.

Joseph has just telephoned up that if your Father is going to Rye, he will travel with him as far as Gardiner, and I have been interrupted to listen to the article on South America, which the Pater is now

writing and which is very good, both in what it does and does not say. Have you read Capt. Boutelle's letter to Hale and Frye on the hay tariff,[1] or rather, on its removal? They telegraphed him that the publication of his letter would be very embarrassing to them, but happily it was already done. With much love to you and H.

H. S. B.

Augusta, August 2nd, 1882.

Dearest Walker, — I have just had the pleasure of reading your letter to your Father, and I am happy that your advice as to the matter of replying to Randall, corresponds to mine. He had written a little communication in regard to the date of the acceptance of Mr. Elmore,[2] very fair and pertinent, but destined only to prolong a struggle unworthy his powers, and before your letter came, he had of himself decided to let the whole thing rest. Mr. Rice [3] of Massachusetts has written him one of the nicest notes I have ever read, referring to the whole in-

[1] A duty was placed on hay in the tariff of 1881, imposed, according to testimony in a Report of the Tariff Commission of 1882, to protect the Maine farmers against the importation of hay from Canada.

[2] Senor Don J. Federigo Elmore, Minister-Resident from Peru to the United States in 1881.

[3] William W. Rice, Representative from Massachusetts and a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee.

quisition, and I am persuaded that ultimately every tongue will cease to wag against this South American policy. To my surprise, his last statement [1] seems to create quite a furore of applause here.

Always con amore,

H. S. B.

[1] A letter from Mr. Blaine to the Chairman of the Foreign Affair Committee, Mr. Williams, in regard to certain statements made by Mr. Robert Randall, the agent of the Crédit Industrial. Mr. Blaine ends his letter with the following paragraph: "In writing what I trust is my final word on this tiresome subject, I beg to remind your honorable committee that, at the outset of this investigation, prolonged and even vindictive effort was made to prove that the Department of State had favored and endeavored to promote the interests of the Peruvian Company. Many parts of my dispatches were quoted, and a forced and erroneous construction put upon them to prove that they must have been written to help the Peruvian Company. The effort, however, broke down. The chief witness, Mr. Shipherd, became entirely discredited, and five of his counsel, over their own signatures, showed that his testimony on one important point was absolutely false.

"As soon as the charge in regard to the Peruvian Company was practically abandoned, or, at least, totally disproved, the accusation about the Crédit Industrial was started. It originated with the same men, was plied in a large part by the same agencies, and with a singular identity of tactics. The dispatches that, a little while before meant unmistakably the Peruvian Company, were now perceived to refer, without doubt, to the Crédit Industrial, and though the two interests were opposite and hostile, the flexibility of the dispatches could, in the same paragraph, accurately represent either or both.

"Mr. Chairman, two statements that conflict cannot be true, but our lessons in logic teach us that they can both be false. I submit to you that in this case they have both been proved false.

"All that I ask, and I have a right to ask this, is that the foreign policy of the government when I was at the head of the Department

To M., in Italy

Augusta Maine, Aug 4 1882.

Dearest M., — I could congratulate you on not being at home this summer — or I will amend, and say, on not being in Augusta. Home is home, even when, as now, it is enhaloed with dust. Ashes to ashes, or, using the vernacular of the Britts, sand to sand, are the strata surrounding the whole place. Our street was sprinkled just one week, then Mr Homan laid his prohibition on the use of the Johnson water, since when, we have endured but not enjoyed. Everybody who can, flees away. Walker is in Washington, awaiting the inauguration of the Geneva award distribution, on which he is Assistant Counsel, Mr. Creswell being Commissioner. Perhaps he will get a week or more at home, after the adjournment of Congress. Emmons left with Philip Tuesday afternoon at three for Newport and the seaside generally.

Your Father after enduring one round day of

of State, shall be judged by its official acts, its official dispatches, its official records. I ask that the true history of great questions shall not be determined by wayside talk, by hearsay of interested parties, by errors of memory, by shreds and patches of idle gossip, by misrepresentations of the malignant, or by misapprehensions of the ignorant.

"I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

James G. Blaine."

Augusta, after the boys — who were great company for him — had gone, spurred himself to an immense amount of work, with which he loaded the mails of yesterday, and in the afternoon got away himself to Rye, Hamilton for a day, and perhaps Saratoga. Anyway he has gone with linen for a fortnight, with a dress suit, and with a new, untried business suit in his trunk. I think without doubt we shall have a seaside place by next summer, as we only come here to go away, leaving a very expensive establishment to eat up all the extra funds in the family purse. Alice, H. and I alone stay on, and Alice only because she is a girl and therefore cannot go unchaperoned away. H is the happy one, and I am the emblem of authority, the court, the raison d'être of the house, the hostess when company chooses to come, and the mother of my delightful children.

Philip came Tuesday night a week ago, no one at home but the two sisters and myself. Emmons was off with the Richards yachting, and your father at Rye. After two lonely days with me, things brightened. A telegram came Thursday afternoon from the Pater, that he was on the eight o'clock train, and after Phil had gone to the station, the telephone gave up Emmons's cheery tone that he was in Gardiner waiting for the train, and with him came Murray Dana [1]

[1] Murray Dana of Augusta, grandson of Judge Rice.

to tea, his grandmother's house being all unlighted; so Emmons brought him along to our cheery supper, which was as good as broiled chicken, fried potatoes, Caroline's biscuit, and all the fruits of the season could make it. The next morning my eye was cheered by the tennis net, which for the first time this summer swung from pole to pole. As I look over the summer, it seems to me that there never could be a more favorable time for a European trip than this would have been, but, what 's done we partly may compute, but know not what 's prevented. Good-night, with deepest love,

H. S. B.

To Walker, in Washington

Augusta, Aug. 4 1882

Dear Walker, — The President has written a very nice letter to your Father, leaving the invitation to Augusta unaccepted and undeclined, till he can make plans a little more definitely. The library plans have been approved and returned several days ago, and the tiles were selected with the mantels. Your Father is at Rye. The weather here is dreadful, a cloudless sky, roads knee deep in dust, little water, no wetting down of streets, and intense heat.

H. S. B.

To M., in Italy

Augusta, Tuesday evening, August 15, 1882

Dearest M., — Aunt Emily has been down today and Aunt Susan was here all day yesterday. Nothing in their outward condition seems to change their individual inwardness. Susan is just as melancholy and Emily just as lively. Aunt Susan lives now a life of perfect ease, but she is more shabbily dressed than ever, and if possible, less cheerful; but she has just made Alice a beautiful silk quilt, and every morning she sends up to me for sewing. I am so delighted that you have enjoyed your trip. Whatever life hereafter gives or takes, you have snatched at least one sight of a great deal that many never see. I am so sorry that years ago I did not have the resolution to put myself in the way of seeing what you have, first when your Father went abroad, and next, when Emmons went. I believe I have not now the pluck. The summer has been one long drought. It is six weeks Thursday since we have had rain; one little shower fell after the Gardiner fire, that is all. Walker writes to me constantly about the new house, and, as soon as the summer breaks, I think I shall take up its furnishing and decoration in earnest.

I suppose you will want a reassuring word about politics, but I hardly know any fit one to say. Your

Father has invited Arthur to visit us if he comes to Mt. Desert, and he has as good as accepted, if he comes into the State. The State Campaign has not yet commenced, and I do not expect to have that close and personal interest which the entertainment of the speakers has usually involved. Good night, my dearest girl, as I fondly say every night of my life.

With love,

H. S. B.

Augusta Tuesday morning, August 22nd 1882.

Dearest M., — The Campaign opened last night with a speech by Capt. Boutelle and another from Nelson Dingley.[1] The three Blaines, Pater et filii, went down and pronounced it a very good meeting, and I have just heard your Father at the telephone, accosting Dr. Roberts on his way to camp meeting and engaging him to work on his teeth; so now Emmons and he have started for the front door, while Fred is this moment crossing my vision with Yorick on his way from the stable, I sitting in the billiard room window, to which a table has been carried, as a partial relief to the teeming library. I hope all these

[1] Nelson Dingley, author of the Dingley Tariff Bill, passed by the 55th Congress in 1897, was Governor of Maine in 1874–75, and representative from the Second Maine District in Congress from 1881 until his death in 1899

family words will recall the familiar picture of the old place in summer.

H. S. B.

Sunday evening, August 27th 1882.

Dearest M., — Emmons and Walker are at Gardiner for tea, and Orville Baker has been here to dinner. I never can say *dine* when it is a two o'clock. No one out to hear Mr. Mott, but Jamie and myself, for Alice is at Squirrel Island and H and Mary Upjohn went to St. Mark's. Coming home, I found the boys and your Father off for a stroll on the Hallowell Ledge, from which they came back tired and hungry and bright, and at two, Caroline gave us one of her incomparable dinners. Then came Mr. Manley and Bigelow, the chat in the garden on the old platform, a call from Dr. Smith of Hallowell, a call from Orville Lambard, a long visit on the part of your Father and myself on the Baldwins, and lastly tea and this hasty letter to you, which will let you know that Walker came Friday afternoon. Can you imagine your Father going to a picnic at Hammond's Grove? Yesterday afternoon, we went out to Kitty Robinson's shanty and had tea, the Farleys there, Mrs. Manley, Harriet Stanley, Miss Lally and Mr. Lambard. Your Father was in a boat almost all the time, rowing about in the

most reckless manner. It was perfectly delightful to see him, and after we had returned, the exercise in the open air making him drowsy, I covered him with newspapers, and while he slept, played solitaire, with Walker and Emmons overlooking me. Everything you see is now running in the old groove, and the house is once more cheerful and almost gay. You know Governor Packard [1] is to send you back to Paris whenever you think you ought to go. I am so anxious that everything should be arranged satisfactorily to you. Everybody here is so interested in you. I shall write you again very soon, and if I give you the after breakfast hour, I shall not be so dull. Always thine,

H. S. B.

Augusta September 1st 1882.

Dearest M., — I have spent the whole morning looking on at Emmons playing solitaire, a stupid

[1] Stephen B. Packard, American Consul at Liverpool; by all good Republicans called "Governor" Packard on account of having received a greater popular vote than the Democratic candidate, Nichols, for Governor of Louisiana in 1876. In the disputed Presidential elections of 1876, between Hayes and Tilden, the State elections in Louisiana and South Carolina were also in doubt. The Electoral Commission created by Congress gave the Presidency to Mr. Hayes, but once in office, inconsistently, as Mr. Blaine always maintained, Mr. Hayes withdrew the Federal troops from Louisiana and South Carolina, leaving the Democrats in possession of the respective governorships there. By way of compensation Mr. Packard was subsequently appointed Consul at Liverpool.

waste of time I should blush to confess to, were it not just now my chief duty to save my eyes, which often give me exquisite torment and remind me of you — of your eyes, I mean. And if my attention is not engaged, I cannot resist the temptation of books and newspapers, which in this house always lie at hand, so a blessing on that godsend, that superannuated formula, solitaire. Walker is telephoning for a horse for this evening, at this very moment, to take him to some of the Monmouths or Pittstons, where he is to convince a willing public that Plaisted[1] is a great fraud, who should be allowed to play out his farces in private life. For we are in the very midst of the campaign, and I almost hope that you are so indifferent to politics, that you will without interest see that the Pater, having taken the stump, the dispatches are once again teeming with his name. I myself went to Maranacook Wednesday. Did you not go with us to that lovely lake when Ingersoll there spoke? This day, changing the speakers and the company, was a reproduction of that. Caroline roasted the same chickens, which Emmons cut up in the same efficient way in the car, and your Father bobbed in on us from Bangor, just in season to eat a second breakfast before starting. After all, there is something very pleasant in a Maine election to me. Mr Hale came

[1] Harris M. Plaisted, Democratic Governor of Maine.

over in the morning, and Dr. Loring,[1] the Gardiner twins, and Mr. Ashburner of England came home with us to tea, and Miss Lally, Alice and I played whist with the Agriculturist till the Pullman train carried him off, reluctant. Walker speaks every night, but as none of his family have sufficient devotion to go and hear him, I can give you no estimate of his worth as a public speaker. I have an inward conviction however that he is a good one.

H. S. B.

Augusta September 3rd 1882 Sunday morning

Dearest M., — If I had only seen what you have in this last eight weeks! While I have been watching my drying and dying lawn, think what your eyes have seen and your ears have heard! But I do not think that the opportunity now remains for me to go abroad. We must go into the new house this winter. A while ago, when I proposed to go to Boston tomorrow with Emmons to look up my stained glass windows, you ought to have heard the objections pitted against me. There was Ben Harrison,[2] who was to speak here Tuesday evening,

[1] George P. Loring of Massachusetts, Commissioner of Agriculture; later Minister to Portugal.

[2] Senator Benjamin Harrison of Indiana, grandson of President William Henry Harrison and later twenty-third President of the U. S.

who is very likely to be the next presidential Republican nominee — did I hear you sigh? — and your Father would not but have him entertained in this house for the world, and it would be no entertainment if he and I were both away. Then there was Mrs Richards' yacht party to Moore Island for Wednesday, which she is depending on Mother to make go off well. This from Emmons, and from Jaime "why who is to decide about my school? Here is Perk (short for Perkins, the name of the principal) has written that I can go back to Exeter, and the school begins on Wednesday. He has reserved me a boarding place in a minister's family the other side of the depot, and all that sort of thing, and Dummer Academy, Newburyport, where Mother wants me to go with Murray Dana, and Father has written to Dr. Coit asking my admission to St. Paul's, and Lennoxville, Canada, which Mrs. Gardiner highly recommends for its athletic advantages, — who is to decide for me?" And if all this war of words is kindled by a proposal of one day's absence, what would be thought, felt and expressed if I should mention Europe? Election day is to-morrow week, and as soon as they have voted, your Father and Emmons leave for Kansas. The Pater hates it, but Emmons, who has lived long enough in the West to recognize its influence, holds him to his promise to Plumb, made in the spring, to speak

at the Fair in Topeka in September. I send you one or two clippings because you ask for them. We seem to have come into the newspapers, after quite a lull, your Father's presence in the campaign having waked up large audiences. Walker goes back to Washington to his work as soon as election is over. Mr. Creswell, his Chief, he likes much, and is quite surprised to find him an industrious, stalwart, and hard working Commissioner. Last night he spoke at West Gardiner, Col. Osgood driving him, and the Pater came on the Pullman at two o'clock. Con amore,

H. S. B.

AUGUSTA Sept 11 1882, Monday afternoon

DEAREST M., — This is election day, and the polls are already long enough closed for me to have had a visit from Mr. Homan assuring me of the gains in many towns, and now Walker telephones an enlarged list, and Joe Manley shouts over the wire, "Mrs. Blaine, we shall have a majority of over 4,000." This is cheering news indeed, for even so late as our three o'clock dinner, Walker felt great uneasiness. I can quote only Walker, unless I descend to Mr. Brown, for your Father and Emmons after detaining the train till they could vote, left this morning for Kansas with Col Osgood. They travel night and day to reach Topeka

Thursday. Your Father never left home more reluctantly in his life of many farewells, but Emmons held him to his promise and fairly carried him off, so now H, Alice, Walker and I are left to ourselves.

H. S. B.

To Mr. Blaine

Augusta, Thursday evening Sept 14, 1882.

My Dearest, — Walker thinks this to-be letter may reach you Sunday so I write just to tell you that we are all comfortable, with, we think, the Line Gale blowing furiously about our ears.

. . . I have had to-day a letter from Judge Hunt, whom melancholy seems to have marked for her own. He is all devotion to you, but is sick of Russia and his picture is vivid. M. too has written, from Paris, not so homesick, but pretty threatening. This is the evening for the glorification, but beyond meeting and speaking, they can do nothing. Walker is going down and is already dressed, and we are just through with supper. Jamie writes that he is pretty lonesome, and Sammy says that he is studying hard. I have had telegrams from Buffalo and Chicago, and have kept Mrs. Osgood informed of your movements. Does n't

the New York Tribune rub it in?[1] H commenced at St. Catherine's to-day.

I see that you are reported as taking part in a political conference yesterday at which Harrison was present. I am sure you did not, but I venture to say *don't*. All I ask of you is to stay dumb.

Always yours,

H. S. B.

To M., in Paris

Augusta, Sept 20, 1882.

Dearest M., — We are in the midst of a Muster, and of the anniversary of the sad days of Elberon. All the dispersed and dispossessed Cabinet of Garfield will be thinking of it, I know. The homesick Hunts at St Petersburg, the Windoms, the MacVeaghs, the sincere Jameses, the untouched Lincoln, and Mrs. Kirkwood at her ironing table in Iowa, will all remember it. One year ago this morning, we were stranded on the hither side of Stanford, while Arthur was telegraphing your Father that he should wait for him in New York before he proceeded to Elberon. Then came the breakfast at the Gilsey House, the special train to Elberon with

[1] Referring to an editorial in the New York Tribune, November 13, 1882, bearing the heading "Knaves Disbanding," and treating of the defeat and rout of the Fusionists in Maine.

the new President, when Arthur rode behind the pilot engine — honor of all his honors in the Pullmans' eyes — the reception of the living, *dog*, shall I say? — the interview with Mrs. Garfield, preceded by my still more solemn meeting with the dead lion. Then the dinner of the President and Cabinet at the MacVeagh cottage, my own dinner with Mrs. MacV. off one of those bedroom stands, the excitements succeeding each other of the afternoon, the supper with the Pullmans, and, the next morning, the funeral service over the poor remnants of the poor body, the journey to Washington, the marvelous impressiveness of the ceremonies there; then a look at the new house with your Father, the next day, Mollie Garfield's costume and all the arrangements for Cleveland, on the 23rd the Washington funeral and the departure for Cleveland, Cleveland the next day, and Sunday morning Emmons's arrival, and Monday, poor Garfield's last day in upper air.

Then your Father and I came home, and my next move was with you, M., when we came to New York and prepared, dreaded note! for the Paris vigil and all your woe. How it makes me feel to go over my evidences, as the old Church used to say, and see how we have fallen from grace. Look at the powers that be and that were. Does it pay to be great and out of place better than to be small and

in a high place? Oh yes, — a thousand times yes! Better a gem of purest ray serene, than paste in the crown of a queen. Our dear Jacky has left us, for E. and C. for one day, and the Geneva Award and Washington for all days. I suppose he reached 15th Street this morning. I myself parted with him in Boston Monday evening, we having left home together on the Pullman Sunday night. I hated to give him up, as he is a delightful resource to me, and the most happy combination of devotion as a son and a well-spring of knowledge as a man. My figure, I see, is slightly mixed, but never mind, it is the fault of my barberries which are preserving in the kitchen, whither I am making constant pilgrimages from the library where I am writing, to see that all goes well with this luscious fruit.

Augusta, October 5th 1882.

Dearest M., — I trust that you are and have been so happy, that you have failed to miss my letters which, I confess, have of late been too infrequent. The truth is that if I had as many hands as Briarieus, for I suppose his hundred arms terminated in hands, I could use them. Enter now and view the prospect o'er. You see, don't you, that you are in my own room, which is warm with sunshine and a wood fire? None of the cold elegance of the Parisian bedroom is

here, but all is cordiality and newspapers and warmth and bright talk, and communism, for your Father is in bed, and Emmons, wrapped in blankets, sits in the armchair, and Dr. Brickett comes and goes, and Col. Osgood is here, and Fred appears at the door with an old pair of tongs, which he has hunted up in the cellar, and with a duck towards the bed, intimates to me that "*He 's* all right, Madam, I telled 'em so down street." For your Father was taken ill Sunday at York, and the newspapers have iterated and reiterated the report till even strong nerves take the alarm. Emmons drove Jip to Lewiston to the State Fair last Wednesday, returning Friday, with a dreadful cold, which seemed to settle into a malarial fever with typhoid tendencies, so that I wrote your Father asking him to come home, and to my great dismay, got instead of him a telegram saying that he was himself sick very much in the same way. However, he got home at eight last night, in very good condition both in mind and body, thanks to the kindness of President Phillips,[1] who sent him through in his private car, and now, after traversing that old gallery about fifty times, going from one sick room to the other, I have got them into the same, and under my

[1] Elijah B. Phillips of Boston, President of the Eastern Railroad from 1878–82. The Eastern Railroad is now known as the Eastern Division of the Boston and Maine.

own wing, and I think they are getting better every moment.

The day is simply superb, and I wish you could see, as I can whenever I raise my eyes, that old hill back of the State House, gorgeous as an army with banners. I have been up since twenty minutes before six, as Alice was to leave on the early train with Mrs. Farwell for Claremont, N. H., but we all overslept, from the cook in the kitchen to Fred in the stable, and she was left. She has now gone on the ten o'clock train to Boston, and will go to Claremont tomorrow, so you see I have had an uncertain morning of it. It was a strange thing that we could sleep, for Grandmother Buck started at that same hour for Saco, her last journey in upper air. The dear old lady died quite suddenly Tuesday morning. I was out at four in the morning with Alice and H. and the girls and Fred, looking at the comet, — never have I seen in the heavens anything like it — and I noticed a bright light in Aunt Hannah's north parlor, by which token I knew that Grandmother's asthma had prevented her going upstairs, and I thought of going to the door to ask for her. At five Ellen gave her a cup of gruel, when she seemed as bright as could be. At six, Ellen roused from a doze to find that she could not hear her breathe, and rushed to the sofa, but she was dead. 'At eighty-three such a death cannot seem anguish,

but all her children loved her dearly, and they must miss her. The very last time I saw her, she said, "Remember me at dinner time, Harriet," and it is a great satisfaction to me now that I did. Funeral services were held at the house yesterday afternoon, and this morning at six she was carried to Saco — Good by, Grandmother! With love,

H. S. B.

AUGUSTA, October 17th, 1882. Tuesday.

DEAREST M., — Miss Gowen sits here pressing open the seams of a blue jacket, the buttonholes on which Aunt Susan sits here waiting to make, and your Father is here, looking over the miserable Bangor Whig and Courier, which Congressman-Elect Boutelle totally neglects, that he may stump Ohio and New York. Walker says he has the cacoethes loquendi — and asking the Pater how to spell this phrase, he says that I am wrong. Charles is not in New York but is now at home. Be this as it may, it is true that he wished to go into Pennsylvania to help the Stalwarts, and intended to lend his powerful voice to Folger's[1] cause. Of course you know that William Walter has been nominated by acclamation for Congress by the Englewood district, and he has written

[1] Charles James Folger, Secretary of the Treasury; Republican candidate for Governor of New York in 1882, when he was defeated by Grover Cleveland by nearly 200,000 votes.

your Father to make one speech for him at Paterson, which he will do if his health permits, as of course it will, if he only thinks so. Never was there such an exemplification of the " put your 'art, William 'Enry 'Obbs, over the bars, and your legs will follow," as in the case of the dearly belovèd, as Mr Chandler used once to fondly call him. Dearest of dears!

I expect to break up here so as to leave the old house to the snows of winter next Monday week. You can think of me then as back in Washington while you are reading this letter. The horses are to be sold and Mr. Bigelow is to give Fred employment as a porter at the post-office. Oh, M., what it will be to me to get rid of this loyal unfaithful servant! Everything about the place is going to waste, and it becomes each season more difficult to obtain tidiness or neatness, much less nicety, in carriage, horse or garden. My very soul is tired, trying to get the wood for an open fire sawed and cut. The fires are always mighty conflagrations or beds of ashes. Emmons is to see to the disposition of Jip, Yorick, Charlie and Don — then the stable and house are to be closed, and next spring or summer, instead of coming here, I hope to spend July and August at the Seaside.

With deepest love,

H. S. B.

Augusta, November 1st 1882.

Dearest M., — I have no idea when I last wrote you, but one day will do fairly well as a sample of all the others. Yesterday was the day set for our hegira, but the weather continuing warm and Indian summerlike, though whether it truly be that much canvassed season I know not, we are staying on and on, your Father thinking he is better off here, and, as he has commenced writing his Twenty Years in Congress, we shall very likely stay on a fortnight longer. H. has had to leave St. Catherine's, the school air proving close and harmful. Alice is still in Claremont, and says she shall stay there till we start for Washington. Fortunately, Emmons is at liberty to stay with us, otherwise we should be forlorn. A large kitchen and a small parlor are not adapted to this old mansion, which has seen so many delightful hours. With much, more, most love,

H. S. B.

Augusta, November 2nd, 1882,
Thursday evening.

Dearest M., — If a broken student lamp, stubborn pens, and obscure ink, can make one wish for Tom, then I agonize for him. But putting behind me all the deficiencies of the situation, I proceed to redeem my promise of last night, to write you to-

day. First then, we have had your cable inquiring for our welfare. I am awfully sorry that you should have been anxious. How it happened I know not, only I am half blind, and half the time your Father has my glasses. Then too, all the family correspondence devolves upon me, and here are Walker and Alice and Jamie and your own dear self away. Excitement No 2, Gen McClellan wants to buy the old Washington house, and offers $20,000 down for it, with rental of the furniture for six months. At first, your father utterly refused to entertain the proposition, saying it would turn him out of house and home for the winter, oblivious apparently, utterly, of the new house. All day I have been arguing with him, to give up the house now, and let me go on and get a few rooms ready in the new domain for immediate occupancy. I am so afraid of so much unremunerative property. One good thing which has come out of the anxiety and perplexity of the day is, that your Father, who has been moping miserably for a few days, has roused up, and is now cheerful and peart as a partridge, conversing with Emmons, who is himself to leave for Boston tonight at eleven. Mr Rollins has sent me a most beautiful Memorial Volume, containing Mrs Rollins's last book with an introduction by Gail Hamilton, the whole illustrated in the most elaborate manner. Cousin Abby's intro-

duction is especially happy. I shall write again to-morrow. To-night I am going to the Pound Party at the Old Ladies' Home. With much, much love,

H. S. B.

821 Fifteenth St. Washington, Wednesday noon, Nov 15, '82

Dearest M., — While I am waiting for Lewis, who has gone out to ascertain the hour of the funeral services of poor Mrs. Childs, I will answer the petition of your many letters by writing you on Wednesday, which is I believe the middle day which you have designated as favorable to letter writing. Mrs. Childs was Edith Harlan, Judge Harlan's [1] daughter, and she has been married hardly a year. She died Sunday in Chicago, and if I can find out the hour and season, I am going to her funeral. No one at home to lunch, which is just over, but your two sisters and myself. H and I were at first alone, and she was just in the middle of the argument of the Chimes of Normandie, which opera we heard last night, when Alice came in from the library to which she had been for books.

Eight o'clock in evening. I was interrupted by Walker, who came to lunch just as the last viand had disappeared from the table. As this is the first day of Court, he was excusable. Then I went to the most

[1] John Marshall Harlan of Kentucky, appointed Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court by President Hayes in 1877.

sad and affecting services of the funeral of Mrs Childs, seeing all the Dignitaries of the Supreme and lesser Courts. The Clergyman took a text and preached a sermon. When he commenced I was dismayed, but I was and continued to be, from the beginning, a charmed listener. Miss Markoe came home with me, and in a few minutes your Father arrived, and here he now sits at the dining room table, reading your letter of Oct 28th, which came this morning. I shall see that a letter goes to you twice a week. Try to be as happy as you can. I enclose Jamie's last effort. Emmons is in New York, engaged in business. Good-night, with love,

H. S. B.

Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York
Friday evening November 24th, 1882

Dearest M., — I am waiting for your Father, who is gas fixture hunting, while I, with my hair dressed and with Emmons for company, am improving the last moments preparatory for dinner and the opera — Patti — by writing you. At Sloane's this morning, when I was looking for carpets, I saw Mrs Phelps, girlish looking, brusque, but very cordial. The Bishop and Mrs Littlejohn[1] sail for Europe Sat-

[1] Abram Newkirk Littlejohn, first bishop of Long Island, and acting bishop in charge of the American Episcopal churches in Europe from 1874-86, during which time most of the American churches in European cities were built or begun. He died in 1901.

urday. They will see you. We were going to cable you to travel with Miss Cowles' party, when Miss Eustis frightened your Father to death by telling him how dangerous Rome was for young women. I sincerely hope you will not go to the Convent, though I shall have to leave it to your judgment, but it makes me perfectly wretched to think that you are unhappy.

I was at Thurlow Weed's [1] funeral this morning and there saw the Sanfords. We left Washington Wednesday, having about six months' business to attend to in three days, but I must in any event go back tomorrow, as we next week move out of 821 Fifteenth street forever.

Goodbye, with love inexpressible,

H S B

821 Fifteenth St. Washington, Nov 29th 1882,
Wednesday morning.

My Dearest Daughter, — This is to be my last letter from the old house, as we are going out of it Saturday morning after breakfast. As is usual in my crises, I am running a large family. Mr Chandler

[1] Thurlow Weed, the distinguished journalist and Whig politician, who enlisted at the age of fifteen in the War of 1812, and was later associated in politics with the first President Harrison, Henry Clay, Winfield Scott, Fremont, and William H. Seward, died in New York, November 22, 1882.

is here, and sits here now, bowing to the storm which your Father is invoking anent the appointment of Gorham to the Secretaryship of the Senate. I turned him out of his room yesterday, and Tom left last night, and has wandered in this morning to say that he had a wretched breakfast. In the hall there is rolling around an immense hogshead of china for Mr. Travers.[1] The walls are stripped of pictures to the lowest floor, and all will be gone to-day. In short, for the first time in my life, I am a tenant, and living in a house not my own. Your Father is full of tender regrets for the old place, and I sympathize with him in this, as I do in all things else; but I feel assured that the new house will be far, far sweeter than this has been.

H is to stay with Mrs. Cameron during the interim, and Alice, your father and I are to go to New York for a week, at the end of which we hope to read our title clear to a few comfortable rooms. We all came over from New York Saturday afternoon — by all, I mean your parents, Emmons and Mr Mason. The two latter left respectively on Sunday and Monday evening. Last night we had a snow storm which did not contribute to our comfort. Indeed, we are quite forlorn.

[1] William R. Travers of New York purchased Mr. Blaine's house 821 Fifteenth Street.

My mind is so distracted by my many cares that I shall now only bid you goodbye, and trust to the various scrawls which I enclose to eke out my scant letter. H. S. B.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK
December 7th 1882.

DEAREST M., — This has been a very exciting day to me, and it began at twelve last night when Alice came from the opera . . . Col. Coppinger,[1] an officer whom she met at Fort Leavenworth last spring, was in the city and had made formal proposals to her, and would call upon your father to-day to ask his consent. He is . . . a Major in the Regular Army, an Irishman by birth, a Catholic, and a very popular officer. . . . Don't you think this an astounding event to drop into the midst of my curtains and carpets and paper hanging, with which I thought my whole soul was filled?

This is the beginning of your nightly letter. Mrs Phelps came to see me this morning, and brought me a box of flowers. She is pleased with Walter's election, but says she will never live in Washington.

[1] John Joseph Coppinger, Lieutenant and Captain in the Roman Army, and made a Chevalier for gallantry at La Roca in 1860; Captain 14th U. S. Infantry, 1861; Colonel 15th N. Y. Cavalry, 1865; Major 10th U. S. Infantry, 1879; Lieutenant-Colonel 18th U. S. Infantry, 1883; Colonel 23d U. S. Infantry, 1891; Brigadier-General, 1895, and Major-General of Volunteers, 1898; retired 1898.

I have spent most of my day at Sloane's, where I bought carpets for Alice's, for M.'s, for Jamie's, for Walker's, for H.'s, for Emmons's, for Mr Sherman's, for Miss Dodge's, for my own, and for two spare rooms. Their names all went down on Mr Sloane's books to designate the various carpets. Oh, how tired I was, and yesterday, I bought quantities of India rugs for the first floor, falsely called the second, in Europe.

Mr Elkins has been here several times to-day, on all sorts of business, and now your Father has dressed and gone out to a party, thus giving me a moment's time, which as he does not leave me a moment, I should not otherwise have, for commencing this letter. We have bought all the remainder of that land from Mr Phelps, and I think your Father intends to make me a present of the house and furniture, which I think is very handsome of him.

H. S. B.

Wormley's Wednesday morning,
December 12th.

I got up this morning to go on the limited, and only while eating breakfast, was I persuaded to change my mind and stay over till half past three this afternoon. I was the more willing to do this, as it enabled me to see Emmons, who was to arrive from Maine this morning. Accordingly, here I am, in my

parlor, with the Pater, Mr. Elkins, Emmons and Gen. Hall,[1] who are talking over business. Emmons says that when he was in the Portland station, the through train to Bangor came in, and the first person to step out of the cars was Uncle Hannibal, in the same old brown suit. He rushed into the restaurant, and Emmons after him, but before he got to him, he had a plate of chowder and a mince pie before him. After the usual congratulations, Emmons says, "Did you see M.?" "I did." "How is she?" "First rate, and half over — and I tell you, Emmons, she speaks French as well as any of them. To be sure, I don't know anything about French, but she holds her own with the best of them." Emmons says Mr Hamlin will undoubtedly be made Collector of Portland, as it is not supposed Mr. Morrill will live a week.

WORMLEY'S. Thursday evening.

This day has been ditto to yesterday. Interviews with architects and builders, and workmen of all sorts, visits to the house, letter writing, and a Life of John Quincy Adams have consumed my day, and now I am going to Sandy Bliss's, to take Maud Howe, who is here. The party is to the Storys. I have been to the Chandlers to dinner, Walker dining

[1] Gen. James Frederick Hall of New York.

at the B——s. This is a perfectly horrid little hotel, and I shall not know one moment's comfort till I get out of it.

H. S. B.

Wormley's. Washington, Dec 15th 1882.

Dearest M.,— I have spent my entire day running about on house business, if thereby I might accelerate our new housekeeping, and now at eight o'clock, alone and tired, I am writing only to let you know that we are all well. Your Father comes from New York tomorrow, and I suppose I might set up a bed and actually begin my residence at Massachusetts Avenue and 20th street then, but old Caroline thinks it unpromising to begin on Saturday, so I shall try to content myself in this dismal place till after Sunday. I am wild to have a house once more, and have H. where I can see her every night and all night. Would that I could also have you! Walker is here with me, and Emmons with your Father, Alice also, Jamie still at Exeter, though I expect him at Christmas. I saw Mr. Eustis [1] at Col. Bliss's last night. Of course you were the one subject in which we were mutually interested. I have just been talking with Mrs Hoffman. She is the

[1] George Eustis, Member of Congress from Louisiana; married a daughter of W. W. Corcoran of Washington.

Aunt of Mrs. Ogden Mills, and is extremely pleased with her niece's parti. I have just had a telegram from your Father — all well. Mr. Phelps is here, and I am now writing on Saturday. Ever thine,

H. S. B.

Sunday evening December 24th 1882.

Dearest M., — Col. Coppinger is coming to dinner, the first meal of many, which I presume he is destined to take with us, as everything is all arranged between him and Alice, and the engagement is an open secret, and will be at once formally acknowledged, as he insists upon being married the first week in February, just before Lent. I shall, if I can, stave it off till Easter. Neither of them wish for anything but the quietest affair, which is exactly what I prefer. It is too bad that you are not here. Jamie has just arrived, having spent two days with Maud and Almet. We are living in the house in Bohemian fashion, no gas on the first floor, plenty on all the others; not a stopping place till you reach the second floor; one little sitting room, hastily pulled together, beds put up in six rooms, and toilet apparatus; the most primitive dining room arrangments in the billiard room, where we have a fire and a kitchen table. Till numbers came, I thought nothing of our barbarities, but when I heard your

Father's voice, before I had seen him, thundering in the hall for a light, I at once woke to our short comings. But you will be pleased to know that I am for once going to leave the family to solve the problem unassisted, for I am going to New York tomorrow evening with Alice, to order her trousseau. I shall be away all the week.

It was a dreadful blow to me yesterday to get a telegram from Walter Stinson, saying that his mother had had a stroke of paralysis, and was very ill. It seemed impossible to be reconciled, she has had so many hard blows, but to-day she is better, and your Father thinks she will get over it. I am writing in your room, one of the old Augusta rugs on the floor, and a conglomeration of furniture in the room. It is the best papered room in the house.

1883

To M., in Paris

Massachusetts Avenue and 20th Street,
Washington, Jany 1st 1883.

Dearest M., — I am going to New York to-night with Alice to do that shopping for her, without which, I suppose she could not be married, but I am not willing that the day should close in without wishing you many happy returns, in the bosom of your family, who so much love you.

This morning at eleven, I went to the White House to receive. Many ladies there, and everything very brilliant, till just as the Diplomatic Corps were leaving, Judge Allen,[1] the dean, was taken ill in the cloak room, where in a few minutes he died. This broke up the President's Reception, also Secretary Frelinghuysen's, though I believe not till after the State Breakfast. I suppose you remember Judge Allen — he was from Bangor and represented the Sandwich Islands. Jamie, Walker and Emmons were at the President's, and Alice at General Sherman's, where I saw her an hour ago receiving officers in a fraternal manner. I came home with your Father, lunched with him and H, and have now been out making a few

[1] Judge Elisha Hunt Allen of Maine, Minister to the U. S. from Hawaii, and, owing to length of diplomatic residence, Dean of the Corps.

visits. A year from to-day, I hope you will be here, and for the first time, I shall open my house New Year's. At the President's, I heard of Gambetta's death. How much is involved in the termination of this life!

H. S. B.

New York, January 5th 1883, Friday 6 P. M.

Dearest M., — I have been thus particular in my date because I believe my shopping warfare is about accomplished. I came over with Alice and Jamie Monday night. Why Jamie came, it would be difficult to tell, save that we were living in such a forlorn way, that the common impulse was to run from Washington. Just after breakfast Thursday he came into my room with the ruinous intelligence that his overcoat had been stolen, so to Alice's trousseau and the house furnishing was now added the responsibility of keeping Jamie back from Exeter, whither he was just starting, as I dared not let him go north without any protection. Poor boy! He is all length, so that he finds it impossible to be fitted to a ready made, and the consequence was that at ten last night he left for New England in an overcoat of Mr. Platt's — "Me-too" [1] having kindly come

[1] A nickname dating from the resignation of Senator Conkling, with Senator Platt, from the U. S. Senate on account of the Robertson appointment.

to the rescue. I had a telegram this morning early, saying he had arrived safely. Most affectionately,

H. S. B.

WASHINGTON, January 11th, 1883.
Thursday evening.

DEAR M., — Walker and Emmons and H have gone to Virginia Cameron's wedding Reception,[1] and Alice and I are left to ourselves, your Father being in New York, where he last evening dined at the Vanderbilts' off silver and gold. There is little in my life now to remind me of Washington. My only sitting room is upstairs. I had accepted a great many invitations for the week, but I have now withdrawn them all on account of Aunt Emily's sickness. Wallie has just telegraphed that she is unconscious and not suffering, and nothing but her wonderful vitality keeps her alive. Aunt Susan says she has managed to say to them that it has been a hard struggle for her to give up. She was so happy with them all, and thought she was getting well. It is as though she had been shot down. I am inexpressibly sad. Poor Aunt Emily — she was so unselfish and so buoyant! Wallie will hardly leave her a moment, day or night. Susan says he has developed into a wonderful nurse, self possessed, perfectly calm, and ready

[1] Senator Cameron's daughter Virginia, married on January 11, 1882, to Lieut. Alexander Rodgers, U. S. A.

for anything, while George is just the contrary, full of feeling, but restless and can do nothing. I am waiting for the end, which I expect almost momently. I cannot make my letter interesting. This dreadful house still makes its incessant demand. Not one room in it at all settled, and a dozen workmen in daily attendance. When I look at Col. Coppinger's quarters, a photograph of which he has sent Alice, containing only four rooms, I am absolutely envious. It seems to me I never want to hear again of a large house. But when this cruel war is over and I have won my house, and we are all settled, each in his and her and its own place, I know I shall like it so well that I shall wish to live forever. Mr. Manley telegraphed us yesterday of Mr. Morrill's [1] death at ten. With love unbounded,

H. S. B.

WASHINGTON. Sunday, January 21st. 1883.

MY DEAREST M., — It seems quite a long time since I wrote the above familiar address, but I know the Dodger has sent you an effusion, so that you are not without a witness to our perpetual remembrance. In this time our dear Emily has died, and I feel that a great deal of pure and unselfish love for me and mine has gone out of life, and when I think

[1] Senator Lot M. Morrill died in Augusta, January 10, 1883.

that I never again can see her face light up, it almost breaks my heart. The morning that I left home, Aunt Susan came down to assist my departure, "Emily will not be down," said she, "she hesitated about coming, and I advised her not. I met H going up to bid her goodbye." Scarcely were the words out of her mouth, when the door opened, and in walked Emily and H. "I thought," said she, "it would be so much better to see you off, than sit at home alone and think about it." I am so glad that I came to her rescue with a "and it was a very wise decision." But I made her promise not to attempt walking home, but to wait till Fred should return from the station and drive her home. This was my last good-bye to as pleasant and cordial and disinterested a sister as woman was ever blessed with. When I think of the contingencies of her lot, as it was ordered after her first ill turn, I bless the kind Providence who took her to Himself, but all my remembrances are of her in the enjoyment of friends and the hopes of a perfect restoration to health, to which she confidently looked forward. Emmons attended the funeral. I did not finish this last sentence exactly as I intended, because Emmons came in and began talking about Augusta, and the days he spent there, of Aunt Emily and Anna Potter, who was with her during all her illness, and who is as truly a woman set

apart to a holy life as any of those with whom you are now living. She fully believes in consecration and sanctification, and walks with God, and is as lifted above the chances of this changeful world as only those can be who have the divine assurance of a life beyond this. I would rather quicken my faith by five minutes' talk with Anna Potter than by listening to five sermons on the immortality of the soul, though I have just returned from a most delightful half hour's talk by Edward Everett Hale, who has preached this morning at the Unitarian Church. The —— Saturday evenings commenced last night, and your Father and two brothers paid their devoirs, finding there an uninteresting assembly, whom they were glad to leave for Mrs. Loring's[1] where was everybody whom it was a pleasure to meet.

Thursday afternoon.

Dear M, — I was interrupted Sunday, and here it is Thursday afternoon and five o'clock, and Lizzie coming in half an hour to do my hair for Mrs Hubbard's dinner. This is the third day that I have dined out in succession, and now your Father has the Marquis of Lorne's[2] dinner, tomorrow at the Lega-

[1] George Bailey Loring of Massachusetts was Commissioner of Agriculture from 1881–85, and Minister from the United States to Portugal in 1889.

[2] The Marquis of Lorne, husband of the Princess Louise, Queen Victoria's daughter, was at this time Governor-General of Canada.

tion, and Sunday with Gen. Sherman. But the President omits him from his State dinner on Saturday, which I think is stupid in him, as probably the one man whom Lorne wants to see is our beloved. Well, dear, I am ordering the wedding breakfast, and the marking of Alice's lingerie, and odd dresses from Forest, and all the time Aunt Emily is in my thoughts, and the house crowding on my hands. The last touch is being put to the papering of the halls this afternoon, and tomorrow the last carpet goes down, and this week, with the exception of the unfinished library, this mansion of many rooms will be in a certain sort of order. It is very handsome and very agreeable, if that term can be applied to wood and stone. Philip is here, coming on to be present at the marriage of Mabel Bayard,[1] which took place to-day. Orville Baker is also here. Alice's invitations have come, and she and Tom are this moment beginning on the list. She is marrying a charming, lovable man, of whom nothing but good is spoken. It is to be a Catholic ceremony. Emmons says, Father Murphy came to him in Augusta, eager to know everything about it.

With deepest love,

H. S. B.

[1] Mabel Bayard, daughter of Senator Bayard, was married at the Church of the Ascension, to Mr. S. D. Warren, Jr., of Boston.

WASHINGTON Jany. 28th, 1883.

DEAREST M., — Tom has just come from the post-office, for we now have our mail delivered by the common carrier, and he is not a Sunday affair, bringing with him among the other wreck of matter, your letter of the 10th, which has made me so uneasy, that although I am very tired both in body and mind, I am beginning at once a little reply to it, which being sent on its tedious way, will perhaps let me sleep easier tonight. Remember, my dear child, how much our surroundings influence our judgment; everything is relative, and I shall be woefully disappointed should you consent to any obligations which fetter the intellect. I am a great believer in the rights of reason, the privilege of thinking for yourself. All that you say regarding your life, interests me extremely, but so soon as Alice is married, all my thoughts will turn toward getting you home, for I am quite sure that your Father will not be willing to be left.

Alice's dresses began to come yesterday, and with much difficulty I persuaded her to try them on, for she is so superstitious she is afraid of risking her happiness by running counter to any sign. They all fitted beautifully — a bronze green, with a long plush coat trimmed with feather trimming, a black silk with jet ornamentation, and a prune colored

combination. Then she has two wraps which are extremely pretty, and there are still four dresses to come, besides her morning dresses. Col. Coppinger is to be here Wednesday, and my ménage is still in a deplorable condition. I miss Lewis, and look back upon the nine years of his service with ineffable regret. Your Father is dining to-night at Gen Sherman's to meet the Marquis of Lorne. Friday he was at the Legation to dinner, the only American guest. I myself have dined out five times within the week, but I am not as heartless as I seem. We dined to-day in the dining room for the first time, more grand than comfortable, as our only servitor was Gabriel, Walker's little valet. Jacky is hardly ever at home for breakfast or dinner. Your Father really feels it, having a son who rivals himself in popularity. The letter I enclose, came to-day. I send it, though I fear it will make you sad. The old house is to be kept open this winter, Walter Stinson and I running it. With much love,

H. S. B.

WASHINGTON, February 4th 1883
Sunday morning.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER, — Now let me tell you a little of our wedding festivities. Last night, we had for the first time a little dinner company. The groom-

elect, Mr. Emmet, his friend, Rachel Sherman, Mrs. Richards, who arrived yesterday afternoon, and Orville Baker. Lewis is back, so we had a very nice dinner, nicely served, and my tired eyes were once more gratified by a well ordered table. I have been through all the discomfort of sick and incompetent servants, with the certainty that everything must be moving like clock-work, before the 6th. Col Coppinger came to the house Wednesday morning. I have this moment persuaded Alice to try on her wedding dress, and to my great delight, it requires no alteration. It is of white satin, with lace overskirt and flounces, and orange blossoms and blush roses, point lace in the neck and sleeves. I am perfectly satisfied with the dress, and so is every one who has seen it. To-morrow, I intended to have a small and select company, but it has grown on my hands, and while still select, it will undoubtedly be large. There must be a great deal more to tell you, but I am bewildered. H. has a white dress made at Shoemaker's in Philadelphia. She is to be a sort of bridesmaid while Mr Emmet is best man. Your Father will bring down Alice, while I for once seem to have the easy thing, and shall do nothing but be dressed in season, receive the guests and enjoy myself. Demonet and Getchell together serve the breakfast, of which only the tea and coffee are to come from our own kitchen. Tonight, we are

to have a little house warming, with a bowl of punch and a cup of tea, and perhaps fifty guests. Now how do you suppose, M——, I shall feel, when the wedding party drives away from the door? Good-bye, I shall want you at home now right away.

With much love,

H. S. B.

WASHINGTON, February 8th, 1883

DEAREST M., — Your poor old mother is so tired that she can be of comfort to nobody, but it seems shameful that another sun should set, and the story of Alice's marriage not be told to the only one of her family who was not here to see it, for Jamie arrived early Tuesday morning from Bridgeport, where he had spent his Sunday with the Bishops, in a new overcoat, sweetly amiable, overflowing with affection and interest in the event of the day. At half past eight we had breakfast, so that the caterer might have the dining room in season; then came Lizzie to dress heads, and when mine was done, I at once dressed, so that I might be at the service of others. Your Father however did not need me, as he emerged from his room in full morning dress. A perfect array of attendants appeared to wait on Alice, including Maggie Nurse and her sister, the sister of Lizzie the hair dresser, Annie Fluger, Mrs

Forest, Donovan's woman to pin on the veil, and all our own maids. Alice herself began in season, and the boys and H and Cousin Abby and Mrs Richards and Maud and Susie Goodwin all came out in great state. Our rallying place was the third hall, as the second was used for the dressing room for the guests. Emmons took charge of the Reception, assisted by Jamie, Tom Sherman and Mr Phelps, who came and went from the top of the house to the bottom a hundred times, in his anxiety lest anything unforeseen and unprovided for should mar the harmony of the occasion. Father Chappelle was also with us. Alice looked and appeared beautifully, her dress was a marvelous success, and Col Coppinger walked around and about her, picking up her train and admiring her in the most unconcealed manner. Presently up flew Emmons breathless, to say that in ten minutes Jamie would come for Father Chappelle. Accordingly, at the appointed time that youth came up and solemnly escorted the Padre from our sight, and at the same moment, Col Coppinger and Mr Emmet disappeared down the back stairs into the dining room, where they were to await the signal from Emmons. Another moment and W. W. P. came in view to say that the stairway was cleared for the family, so down they went. A moment more and Walker and I went down, and I had just time

to take Mr. Bancroft and the President within the ribbons, when Col. C. and Mr. Emmet came in, and now Alice, looking like a perfect beauty, was coming down the stairway with your Father, and as she came up, Col. Coppinger stepped forward, and the simple ceremony commenced. H., in a costume, white of course, fresh from Shoemaker's, and with two bouquets, standing with Mr Emmet directly behind the principals. Walker and Col. C. had both brought Alice huge bouquets, but she carried only the bridegroom's. The boys had looked out for everything for her, flowers for everybody, wines, police, waiters, in short, everything. The service was all in English, and was very brief, but impressive, and as soon as it was over, the ribbons were dropped, and congratulations commenced. Everybody said it was the prettiest wedding Washington has ever seen, and I myself cannot say why this may not be true. The breakfast was ample, and very handsome, and I had no end of compliments on myself, my children, the house, and unlimited praise of the bride, who deserved all that could be said of her, for no one ever looked or behaved more beautifully. At four Alice and her husband left for New York, where they now are, and where they are staying for a week before going to Kansas. The presents are perfectly splendid. Mrs. Phelps sent a lovely brace-

let, which Alice wore. And the boys gave her one, which she also wore.

Friday

I am quite dubious as to what I have told you, for cotemporaneously with this I have sent off a long letter to Aunt Susan, and probably one is a supplement to the other, instead of a repeater, as it should be. Alice's presents are simply superb. Father Murphy even sent her what Walker profanely describes as a very poor likeness of Christ and a very good one of himself. I ought to send you some newspaper accounts of the wedding, but the one luxury which I cannot command is time. It may be made for slaves, but it is the breath of life to free men.

Con amore,

H. S. B.

Washington, March 4th, 1883.

Dear M., — Had your Father remained in the Senate, instead of going into Garfield's cabinet, this day would have completed his first full term. I have been talking with him about it, and he says he has not a regret anent his own decision, that he has now not only no desire for public life, but an absolute repugnance for it. For the first time, we are sitting in the library, which I predict is destined to be the

favorite sitting place of the family. It was really completed only yesterday, and is still unfurnished, but Lomax has laid down some rugs and put in two tables and some chairs and made a fire, and here, it being Sunday, has sat Cousin Abby all day, reading Donnelly's book, "Atlantis, the Antediluvian World." And here have been Walker and Emmons, and their Father, and Rachel Cameron, who is staying with H., and H. herself, and twice Rachel Sherman in her riding habit, coming and going on her daily ride with Emmons. She has now gone home in her carriage, to return, after changing her dress, to luncheon.

Alice and Col Coppinger got away Tuesday morning at 9:50, taking with them Mary, one of my maids. Another, Annie, was to leave the next morning, so that you see I gave a great proof of my devotion by sparing Mary. All the time after dinner till the carriage was at the door to take them to the station, I spent in putting up a luncheon, which I could trust to no other hands than mine. Then I went to the drawing room and called out your Father, and he and Cousin Abby bade them good-bye in an overflow of tears, while Emmons turned to me, much amused, and said, "Come, Spartan Mother, if you are not too tired, dress and come with me to Mrs Hill's party." Which I did, chaperoning Miss Dana,

Winnie's cousin. Later I was pleased to see that your Father had rallied sufficiently to follow me. It seems so strange to have only H. for a daughter. You must come home and fill, as only you can, the breach. But if you wish to stay till August, your Father is content, as he has always thought he brought Walker home too soon, before the language had, as they say of glue, set. Mr. Phelps was here an hour yesterday, very interested and interesting. He is staying with Mrs. Phelps at Ft Monroe to avoid the March winds of New York, and stayed in Washington only twelve hours. He will I think prove to be the most brilliant member of the House. Did you know that Mrs. Marshall Jewell [1] has died and is buried? The day your Father and Cousin Abby came from New York they were in the same car with the Jewells, both of whom were in radiant health. I must say good-bye, as Mr Halstead [2] has come in and I must talk to him. With love,

H. S. B.

[1] Wife of Marshall Jewell of Connecticut, Governor of that State 1869–70 and 1871–73, Minister to Russia in 1873, Postmaster-General under President Grant, and Chairman of the Republican National Campaign that elected Garfield. In Russia Mr. Jewell studied the native processes of tanning, an industry in which he was financially interested, and introduced the method of making Russia leather, hitherto a secret, into the United States.

[2] Murat Halstead, editor of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, and later of the Brooklyn Standard-Union; died in 1908.

Monday morning, March 12, 1883

Dearest M., — I have been sick for almost a week, so that I fear you may have to wait for this letter, which my hand refuses to write steadily, thanks to the scant appetite which Dr. Pope's remedies have left me. Nothing more serious than a bad cold, a worse head, and a general demoralization have been the trouble, and in truth, when I look back upon the winter, its early homelessness, its later quandaries, with Alice and her affairs filling up every interstice, I am surprised that I have not succumbed body and soul, as I certainly have in purse, to this time and times and dividing of time, whatever Daniel might mean. I am so sorry you had to go through the deep waters of self pity over Alice's wedding. Nevertheless, you *had* to do it. No amount of family care could keep you and homesickness apart, when you read of this great event in which you did not participate. I think now I ought to have looked out for you a little more, but with my trouble with servants new and old, my care for the trousseau, the wedding breakfast, the guests, the presents, supplemented always by the demands of Alice, I had lost all sentiment, and looked upon the ceremony as a useful trouble, to be enjoyed only when it was over. When then it turned on my hands into a well ap-

pointed and decorous observance, sacred and sympathized in by all our friends, I was almost surprised, and I dare say I wrote to you as I always do, sure of an early and late recognition of all my own moods and trials and blessings. Now however Alice is gone. It is not my duty to be asking how will she meet this and that emergency. A stronger and wiser than I, to whom her well being and well doing is of even more vital importance than to me, has taken my place.

Let me see, have I anything to tell you? Yesterday A. M. Emmons left for Cincinnati. He comes back Wednesday and then goes to N. E. with Mr. Davis of West Virginia. All these trips of Emmons's are always in the interest of railways, and by and by I am sure that he will alight on his feet, a thorough business man. Your Father says he is a bear always. Everything he questions — he risks nothing — but this makes him a discreet counsellor. You want me to write politically. I do not know what to say, for there is no situation at present. I know the nomination of '84 is — not a sujet défendu exactly — for we all say whatever is in our minds — but it is a *sujet* never there. Your Father is as little a candidate as though he had succeeded in '76 and '80. The one thing he perhaps does desire is to be once more Secretary of State, and as if he cannot

himself be President, no more can any other Republican without his assent, this may very possibly be in store for him.

Monday morning, March 19, 1883.

Dearest M., — I have just re-enveloped and redirected your letter to Alice, to whom I have also been writing, and when I say that your Father has mislaid my glasses, leaving to me one shattered remnant of a former possession of my own, and that this paper is vile, and that Tom yesterday saw fit to discard all the easy going pens, leaving in their places these reluctant and coy virginals, such as I am now trying to tell my tale with, to you, you give me credit for being constrained by the spirit, since nothing outward is favorable to our intercourse. And first of all, not because I shall forget, but that I may disburden my mind of its most pressing need, I want you to come home by the first opportunity. It is imposible for me to go over. Your Father is opposed to it, and that with me has always been a sufficient reason. I never can, I never wish to oppose him, and as we have done nothing but give out money for the last year, ever since we began this house, even the slight additional outlay of a European trip, might inconvenience him. There is nothing seriously out of joint with the bank account, but this house and land has proved a sort of sinking

fund which has to be considered. Still, if you could hear that dear Pater of yours, at this moment singing as he works, you would see that his soul is not disquieted within him, and that yours need not be. But I am very lonely. H. is too young, dear as she is, to chaperone me, which is what I really want. Walker is worth his weight in love and gold, and can be relied on for a tower of strength in the tight places of dinners and teas. Last night at my Sunday evening tea to Mrs. Miller, he invited all the guests, arranged their seats at table, himself took out the only stranger, and generally stood between me and all anxiety, in a way which your Father, dear and interesting as he has always been, never knew how to do. Then Jacky is very interesting. In short, dear M., I shall bless the day when I can go to New York to meet you. So embrace the first opportunity to return, and if you can, arrange for your next winter's outfit. It would be a much more satisfactory plan for me to go over for you, but I cannot see my way to it. Any difficulty but that of money I could perhaps surmount, but the unknown, and money is always to me the unknown factor, frightens me. Your Father is writing a book, his own Twenty Years of Congress.[1] It will not probably be interesting to you and to me, but think of the many,

[1] Published in the spring of 1884.

many, who will want to read and own it. Mr. and Mrs. Phelps have been staying in Washington for a few days. She is on her way from Fort Monroe to New York, whither she goes to-day to collect her children for the Easter vacation, while he is to leave this afternoon for Columbia S. C. He is not at all well. I wanted them to come out to my supper last night, but Mr Phelps substituted the luncheon.

H. S. B.

Monday morning March 26th 1883.

Dearest M., — It will be two weeks to-morrow, since I dined with Judge Howe, the Post-Master General, going out to the table with him, when he devoted himself during the whole meal to me, dear charming, beautiful looking man, and here he is dead! And last Wednesday only, when I called at his house, he was well and expected home on Friday. Poor Arthur, he will find the Presidency more grewsome with a favorite cabinet minister gone! If it were Folger now, I suppose he would not care, for they really do not know what to do with him. I was at the White House Saturday afternoon to see Mrs. Haynesworth, the President's sister. The White House itself is an abode of gloom. Not a sound interrupted us as we sat in the Red Room, until an old darkey put his head into the door to ask a question of Mrs. Haynesworth.

While I am writing, C. A. is reading to your Father, who is, alas, confined to his bed with gout. Friday morning he started for New York, and from Wilmington, he telegraphed me that he was coming back, and to meet him at the station, as I did (excuse grammar) and with much difficulty John and a porter got him into the carriage, and though till yesterday, he managed to be dressed, he has been steadily losing ground. Last night, Mr Manley and Capt Boutelle came out to tea. Joseph extremely interested in us, and Capt B. in himself. The House of Representatives will be likely to do him great good, for it is an atmosphere in which one shrinks to his due proportions. I wish I knew where you were spending your Easter. I long to tuck my poor houseless and homeless chicken under my wing, and fend her with it holidays and all days. The pictures I shall try to get for you, as soon as I can leave your Father.

Walker and Emmons are to leave tomorrow morning, the latter for Boston, on railway business connected with Mr. Davis's affairs. Mr. Davis is Mr Elkins father-in-law, and he has written Emmons to take charge of his business in Baltimore, but Saturday E. gave a definite answer, declining. He however, agreed to put himself at his service for a month. Walker goes on business connected with his Court.

Father since I have been writing, is up and has been dressed. I must amuse him. With love, adieu,

H. S. B.

Everybody much love.

Thursday morning April 12th 1883.

Dearest M., — I doubt if I can even fill this small sheet, so impressed and excited am I, by the fact that you are really coming home. I suppose there will be an icy barrier to break down, after which the full summer of content at being again intimate and united, will warm us through and through.

I have written you about your dresses, but if it troubles you to get an outfit, situated as you are, do not hesitate to wait for New York or Washington. It is a warm and beautiful morning and I am delighted both with the inside and outside world. That foul fiend, the furnace, is laid, for one thing, and for another your Father is in better spirits than he was in yesterday. He was working yesterday with unutterable groanings, and to-day, his voice sounds blithely across the hall to C. A., who is in her room copying for him. Walker has gone to Baltimore, at Robert Garrett's invitation, to luncheon and to talk business. His absence leaves H. sole child of house and heart — a small family for this big mansion. How does it happen that the large mansion and the

large family came in different portions of my life? Emmons is in Boston and Mr. Sherman in Virginia. Mr Chandler is in Florida fishing with the President. I have not even seen him for weeks and weeks. Sunday, Raymond,[1] the actor, came to breakfast with us, and with him, the Hales, Mr. Johnstone [2] of the English Legation, Mrs Cameron, Miss Loring, Mr Abbott of Boston, Gen. Sherman and Lizzie — H making the fourteenth. Then Monday night I had my usual reception. All this I write not because it is interesting to a person so long away, but to offset my strictures on the largeness of the house.

H. S. B.

Friday morning April 13th 1883

Dearest M., — Your telegram asking to stay till June is a terrible disappointment to me. I want you so much, I do not understand how you can be willing to stay away longer, unless other interests are supplanting those of home. The very thought gives me the keenest anxiety, and were your Father free from his book engagements he would at once leave for Paris himself to escort you home. But at this distance I can only endure. Your Father is almost entirely occupied to-day with his book pub-

[1] John T. Raymond, the famous American actor, died in 1887.

[2] The Hon. Alan Johnstone, at that time third secretary of the English Legation.

lisher, who is here. He has about 200 pages written —manuscript pages I mean — and C. A. is now going over it critically to see if it is all right for the printers' hands. She is so intent on the business that she can almost smell the mistakes, and her services are invaluable, both intrinsically and as inspiring confidence in the manuscript. After answering your cable, I was so dissatisfied with the acquiescence, that your Father again cabled, revoking the first, and now I feel better. Now, my dearest daughter, turn your thoughts homeward. Think of the world outside that limited one in which you are now living — the freedom of it and of that inner intellectual life, in which you have been brought up. When all the best in the world is finding its way towards freedom, would you go back and doom yourself to the restraints of fallible dogmas? You and I shall find God as easily by our own searchings as the Church has found Him, and I cannot conceive of a person born outside the restrictions which are imposed before birth, voluntarily fettering themselves body and mind, and I have no sympathies with the cowardice or laziness which has caused so many to acquiesce in the formulas of the Catholic church. Weariness in well doing, when nothing seems won, would have stopped every struggle for liberty the world has seen. Millions drop out of the fight, surrendering with a cui

bono, but the few, the immortal few, who know not how to die nor how to live degraded, carry on from age to age the hope of the world. How mean to say — because I cannot understand I will never inquire. It is as well, since I cannot know the truth, to accept that which I am told is it. You, I am sure, will never do that. Far better to believe too little than say, Evil, be thou my good. Very likely you will think me crazy, but I have not been free from anxiety about you for a long time and to-day it has culminated. How foolish I was to let you go away. Your anxious and most loving,

H S B

Washington April 20th 1883.

Dearest M., — You will now get very meagre letters from home, as our anticipation of your speedy return drive all minor details out of my mind, or make them seem absolutely insignificant. That all but Alice will be here or in New York to meet you, I think you may be sure. Jamie announces that he shall be in New York, and the other Jamie will also be there. I shall probably be here, as no one ever favors my leaving home. And if the weather is hot I must be careful. O my dear child, what an anxious burden will roll from my heart, when you are once again with us, for now that I can, as it were,

see you embarking, I dare to recognize the underflow of possibilities, which have always made all thinking about you unsafe, so far as courage went. As to the French, no matter. Mr. Phelps was here yesterday, in transit from Columbia to New York. He called at Walker's office to see whether your Father was at home. Walker proposed the telephone to make assurance doubly sure. W. W. P. had never used one, and communication with this house being established, Mr Phelps called out, "If I go out, shall I find you at home?" "By the voice," came back the answer, "you should be William Walter Phelps," which of course perfectly delighted Mr P. who declared to Walker that his father was the quickest-witted man he had ever seen. I myself was at Mt Vernon, whither I had gone with a large and gay party, almost as gay as that of the Despatch when *we* last went to visit the sacred tomb. When I reached home at four I found Mr. P. and your Father had gone together to witness the unveiling of Mr. Story's statue of Henry,[1] on the Smithsonian grounds, after which Mr. P. came back to dine with us, leaving on the ten o'clock train for New York. He is a dear soul, who only wants health to be happy. I think Mrs. Phelps

[1] Joseph Henry, appointed Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute on its organization in Washington in 1846. He filled the post with great ability until his death in 1878.

as good as the gold which she so generously distributes among the needy.

Then among the dissipations of the week, must be mentioned the theatre party to Langtry's matinée on Monday, said party consisting of Sally Loring, Etta Wise, your sister H, C. A., Rachel Cameron, J. G. B. and myself. "She Stoops to Conquer," was the play, and as H had been reading during the winter a good deal of Goldsmith, she was all prepared to enjoy it, and indeed the far-famed beauty did not so utterly belie her reputation, as she often does. A large card-party at Mrs. Emory's, a scientific assembly, or assembly of scientists at Mrs. Bell's,[1] and tonight a large card party here, for which I must now give orders, so good-bye, with much much love,

H S B.

Sunday afternoon, May 13th. 1883

Dearest M., — This is not at all a proper letter, with which a girl like yourself should see her long and beautifully-endured exile dismissed, nor can it ever be permitted to live to figure in the annals of the Blaine family — and that letters do survive and that the public reads, witness the thousand letters of the Carlyles, which made my bed one of roses to me, where, propped up on pillows, my old red shawl on

[1] Wife of Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the Bell Telephone.

my shoulders, glasses on nose, I spent last week, unmindful of my dreadful throat, my raging fever, my aching bones, and my longing family, who pined to see me once more at head of table. Poor dear Mrs Carlyle! I feel better acquainted with her than with Aunt Susan, and this is saying much, for if there be one person above all others, whom I know through and through, it is Aunt Susan. As you will infer, I have been sick — very sick — but always, if sick at all, I am fiercely ill, and now that I am up and at this moment dressed in one of my second bests, for Clarence Hale is coming to Sunday evening tea, I cannot tell whether it is dyspepsia or a lengthening palate which makes the hard lump I am trying to swallow down.

The day is absolutely charming, and a pity it is that I should keep within doors, but I feast on the sweet flattery of your Father's anxiety lest I should take cold, and try not to taste the bitter of being denied a drive. I am waiting now only to be strong backed and clear headed to tear this house to pieces, and by this time next Sunday, I doubt not to see those beautiful portières and curtains rolled away like a scroll, these carpets transplanted like Aladdin's, no *man* knows whither, only one woman, in short, everything that moth and dust can corrupt withdrawn from the world. I do not know whether

I shall be in New York or here on your arrival. I misdoubt me that it will then be very very hot, and that I should much like to have the Augusta house in order before the midsummer sun burns down upon us. What we shall do this summer will be in the main, I imagine, to stay in Augusta. Your Father says he certainly must, and for me now to go running off who have hitherto among the faithless, faithful been — why all the world would stare, if I should dine at Islington and wife should dine at Ware — and then there is Aunt Susan, she ought not to be left alone any longer. My garden there is all under way, and I am not at all unhappy at the prospect of my summer there. Many will be called to spend it with us, and some few will I dare say come.

Poor Aristarchi [1] has just been in to introduce his successor. Everybody is so sorry for our old friend, who has so amiably eaten his way into the affections of Washington. The boys went off yesterday to a picnic which the English Secretaries gave. Had a fine time — and all the week are to be garden parties and one thing after another, for the young and gay, whom the open air suits. How strange it will seem to have a daughter whom such things please. I suppose I am too late to ask you to buy me Carlyle

[1] Aristarchi Bey, Turkish Minister to the United States. He was succeeded in office by Mavroyeni Bey.

photographs, but I want them dreadfully bad, of him, — Mrs. Carlyle — their various houses — and anything and anybody connected with them. Perhaps Mr. Packard would get them and send them himself if you left the order with him. Good-bye, my dearest child, and farewell, a long farewell, to this international episode. With love broader and deeper than the ocean you are to cross,

H S B.

Augusta June 30 1883

Your Father, who arrived on the flying Yankee at 7:30, has spent the whole day on the lawn and under the apple tree, with a billiard cue. He says he has taken more exercise than in the whole preceding six months. He was very homesick last night, but this morning highly approves Augusta.

To Walker

July 10th

You remember how sweetly your Father and Emmons sang the praises of Augusta in Washington? Your lonely condition seemed to them of no account. Well, here I am, with the house in beautiful order, excellent servants, bright skies, delicious air, and the sun rejoicing to run his race. Here are your two sisters; but where, oh where, are those nobler spirits

who were so impatient for this Elysium? Emmons at the first petty temptation, went off after just one day's enjoyment of his family and his friends, and that same afternoon what did your Father — Pater Nobilis, Filii Nobilis — but telegraph Payson Tucker[1] to know if the Flying Yankee could be stopped at North Hampton. Of course it could — when was the descensus not made facilis? So at four o'clock behold him with remorseful visage and many self reproaches, I own, kissing his womankind in the hall, while the Augusta House hack waited at the gate. Yes, Walker, the A. H. H. for we still have no horses, nor do I see why we are likely to have any. Charlie White, to be sure, has driven a pair around the "heart" for our inspection, but when M. said, "Why Mr. White, you cannot see them without looking over the dasher, can you?" he coolly gathered up the reins, remarking only "They are not mine," as he drove off.

July 28th

Thursday we had a circus here. In the morning Mons went down to inspect the grounds. As he was walking about, a flashily dressed man came from one of the tents, and said, "How do you do, Mr. Blaine? I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance at

[1] Payson Tucker, vice-president of the Maine Central Railroad in 1882.

the Hot Springs." Of course Emmons established your identity. I believe Mr. Davis — for it was the manager himself — credits you with originating his enterprise. At any rate he seemed to entertain the liveliest recollection of your agreeability, and on parting, presented your brother with four tickets. As M. had a little circus party that evening, they came in very well.

August 7th

Only to let you know that this is our Emmons' 26th birthday. Your Father, in a worse than usual hat, is sauntering under the apple trees, while Emmons looks up Cowper from the bookcase, Islington and Edmondton being in dispute between his Father and himself, he winning of course, for your Father's taste is not poesy. He came from Rye Saturday evening, looking and feeling all the worse for his attempted flight at gaiety. He was pretty blue that night, but Sunday he got up with spirits attuned to the day, which was bright, and yesterday, though not quite so peart, he did not go back, and this morning he is again in harmony with the outside world.

August 22nd

Your Father once more in love with his book, and writing assiduously all the morning.

AUGUSTA
Friday morning, August 21st 1883

A dreadfully busy morning, my dearest one. The muster raging, a band or a company liable to go by any moment, my glasses lost, ditto your Father's, and he intent on making up for lost time on his book. Aunt Susan down stairs, and pining, I know, for society and to hear all the impossible of Bar Harbor, dust everywhere, Old Mortality himself could not keep my ancient relics free from it, so what are Laura and I worth, though the one is incessant with a cambric duster and the other with an embroidered handkerchief? Company coming to dinner, and perhaps we shall have blueberry pudding for dinner and perhaps somebody's pig will. We had an olla podrida of a journey — a splendid sail ending a little before twelve. Wrapped in our shawls and cloaks, we were comfortable. At Rockland we said good-bye to our Sally, who easily slipped off our ways into Arthur Roach's care. We ourselves of course went to the Thorndyke, where at 12:15 we were served with an admirable dinner. At one or thereabouts we steamed out of Rockland in the crowdedest cars. I have not been so warm this summer. Packed and sweltering, we reached the Kennebec, whose passage took me completely by surprise, as it had never entered my head to inquire how the cars got across. All

but Emmons pushed on to Brunswick, but he had his mind made up to visit the shipyard of somebody, and what he purposes, that he performs. At Brunswick H. went off and bought me "But Yet a Woman"[1] though she had to invade the circulating library to get it. I took a chair and sat outside the station and commenced the greatest humbug of modern literature, and I dare to say it, though Miss Chandler, who came to see me, said when she saw my book, "What a treat you have before you." It all depends — honey on a shingle and gingerbread is a treat for some palates, and I myself like honey infinitely better than sorghum, and the weed which grows of itself to the waxed funeral wreath. And I do not hesitate to affirm that Hardy is without originality. His illustrations are forced, he imitates feebly, and he does lots of other things which I detest. So far as I have read, his book is *sicklied* o'er with the pale effort of thought. No one to meet us at the station, so we packed in and out of Norcross's coach, only Jamie walking. Thrilling query as we drove up that fascinating hill of Rines, Should we find supper awaiting us? "Of course," said your Father, "Jacky forgot to telegraph, trust Jacky for some things, but not when he is bound on

[1] A novel by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, much read and discussed in its day.

a day's picnic with girls." Then the terrible fact found voice that Wallie Stinson was away, so that probably Saturday's telegram had never had fair play. Amid these harrowing uncertainties, every eye was strained to get the first glimpse of the dining room window, no lighthouse lantern was ever hailed with greater relief than its light. Yes, they expected us, for there was someone vanishing from the window and turning up the gas, and yes, here was Lomax, who was holding Fritz, who was fit to burst with delight at seeing us, and, "Yes, certainly sir, Elizabeth has a supper, for I ordered it myself." And here in the dining room was Ellen and the long table all laid out with flowers, and in a few minutes such a supper — I do not think I ever ate such a one before. We were tired and dirty, but we could forget our woes and eat. We found Aunt Susan better, but still an object of pity. She was down to breakfast and will return to dinner. The day is very hot. We all have cards from Major Phipps [1] for Thursday, 4 to 7. Time presses, so I use figures. I must dress for the noonday meal, as Jamie would term it. Goodbye, my dearies. With the old yet ever new love,

H S B.

[1] Major (now Brigadier-General) Frank H. Phipps, U. S. A., stationed at that time at the Augusta arsenal.

Chicago Oct 29th '83,
Monday morning. At Mrs Medill's.

My dearest dears, — I went out to church yesterday in my best array, for what could trouble me defended by Mrs. Medill's carriage from all the rain and mud? Mr. McPherson, their own minister, preached.

Then we drove to Mrs McCor——

Here I was called off, and not one chance did I again have at my letter. It is now Tuesday morning, and I am dressed for the last stage of my journey, which I look forward to with pleasure, having an acceptable comrade. We leave the station at 12:05.

Cormick was my unfinished word of yesterday. There we lunched most agreeably, Emmons with Mrs. Medill and myself. Maud Gardiner, a very bright sister of the Miss Gardiner whom we know, is staying with her. The Medillions and Emmons dined here, and at ten I was glad to go to bed. New associations and fresh impressions fatigue one, I find, far more than old intimacies. Yesterday, for all I have been writing about passed on Sunday, we drove out, then my hostess had a lunch party. The only lady I recognized was Mrs. Pullman, though several claimed

acquaintance, and had their claim allowed as gushingly as the prodigal son's. All the ladies save your humble servant wore very large solitaire diamond ear-rings, so they were hard to tell apart. There was one who did not have them at first, but she soon remembered the deficiency, and going to the telephone, which was in the front hall, she telephoned her maid, who soon brought them, and my one landmark was obliterated. They were all, diamonds apart, real ladies, and I cannot see what there is in Chicago to apologize about. On the contrary, she seems to me a beautiful city, who should be a home for the people to stay in, instead of, as now, a starting point for the ends of the earth. At church, I had previously seen Mr. and Mrs. Pullman, and they have most pressingly invited me to stay with them on my return from Kansas, and I have said I would. Why do you say that I am never willing to visit?

Late in the afternoon yesterday I drove to Mrs. Washburne's. She had invited me to a formal dinner to-day. They were delighted to see me, and I could have stayed with them hours. Elihu looks venerable. He professes to be satisfied with life, never wishing again to see Washington. It was there he lost his health, so why should he trouble himself with renewing a grief, but he impresses you all the time as on the thither side of life and conscious of it. I am

going down to breakfast, so good morning to you. Love to all.

H. S. B.

To Mr. Blaine

Fort Leavenworth, Oct 31st 1883.

My dearest, — I suppose you will all be impatient to know my first impressions of Alice's house, and indeed I am very anxious to make you partakers in the supreme satisfaction with which I regard everything in this elegant little home.

The first person Emmons and I saw on getting out of the car was Col. Coppinger, looking the very personification of the soldier, straight, neat, compact, alert, and a perfect gentleman. After an affectionate greeting, we climbed into an ambulance, in which we drove four miles. Alice and Mary met us at the door, both beaming, and my first exclamation as I entered, was, What a beautiful looking house. There is nothing in it in the way of furniture when you come to analyze it, but you would swear it was sumptuously furnished, such advantage has been taken of every little bit of color and ornament. It is a real revelation to me, and coming from the Medill house, where so much money has been used, it would not be surprising if I missed many luxuries; but everything is here that comfort could ask, and Alice has disposed

of her wedding-presents with so much taste that elegance is secured. I recognize the kind remembrances of Capt. Boutelle and Mrs. Cony and Mrs. Manley and Mrs Homan and Orville Baker, and some of others not in Augusta. Grandma Buck looks down from the parlor mantel no less approvingly than she would have loved to do in the flesh, and her box stands on the table, and the pepper box and the fritter slicer grace the dining room. Everything is in perfect order, and at eleven we sat down to as good a breakfast as I ever tasted. Beefsteak, baked potatoes, rolls, omelette, fried apples and tomato pickle, as much better than mine as mine is better than that of the market. It is now four, and Emmons has had a luncheon of cold mince pie and beer, and has gone to the station to take the cars for Kansas City. He goes home by the way of Council Bluffs and will not be in Chicago till Friday. Col. Coppinger's promotion falls due to-morrow and his assignment to Assinniboine he looks for immediately thereafter. He very much hopes that Alice can go with him, say, in two months.

To H., in Augusta

Fort Leavenworth, November 2nd 1883

My dearest Namesake, — Out here in front of Alice's house, three men are shoveling the leaves, which they have been for hours raking together, into a cart. They are all young good-looking men, but their dress is peculiar, 117 V — 234 IV — 166 IX — respectively being printed in large red letters on each leg of their trousers and on the back of their coats, and on the body of the trousers in front. Opposite, leaning on the fence, stands a soldier in the full uniform of the U. S. A., with a most murderous looking pistol in his hand, which is always loaded, watching them. The workers are prisoners, and the red letter indicates that they are of the worst type, and should they attempt to escape, the guard, who is the watcher, would shoot them on the spot. Always when you see a squad of prisoners at work, be they many or few, you will see the guard with the long pistol keeping them within range. When Alice drives up, she will call "Howard," and their man, who is an excellent servant, will come out and take the horse. He will have 34 0 in white letters printed all over his clothes, but no guard will hold him in sight, for he is a paroled man, and his good conduct has entitled him to be put on his word of honor. Every afternoon be-

tween five and six there is dress parade here, and as there are always in attendance some fifty or more officers, it is a good deal more showy than our muster, and every evening there is always an out door concert. I imagine this is a pleasant home for the children born to it, but I assure you, I think Augusta, with Washington thrown in for winter, is a more enviable lot. The limitation and uniformity of a military post, makes those who belong to it seem custom made.

To Mr. Blaine

(Fragment)

I am reading Trollope's autobiography, and am amused to learn from what a home our old critic Mrs. Trollope went. It ought to be a lesson to the snobs who swallow democracy. I am not in the mood for writing. Love to all and from all here,

H S B.

Fort Leavenworth November 6th 1883
9 o'clock Tuesday morning

My dear, — The baby[1] is quite interesting already, a great deal of hair, bright eyes, all the possibilities of a splendid boy evidently. I have carried down your present, and it is to be put

[1] James Gillespie Blaine Coppinger, born November 6, 1883.

in the bank for the boy. I told Alice I was sure that was what you intended by it. I suppose I shall stay a week longer, and then, if all is comfortable, I shall go on to Washington. Alice will follow when her strength is equal to the day.

To M., in Washington

Wednesday morning November 7th 1883
Fort Leavenworth

My dear M., — After luncheon, now about an hour off, I am going out with Col. Coppinger to begin returning the visits of the Army ladies here, most of whom I presume have called on me.

Everything in this establishment moves as on oiled wheels. Not a bit of flurry, no fatigue, no disorder, servants not overworked, not an inch too much room and yet everyone accommodated. If Alice cried over the vasty deeps of the great house at Washington, she cannot shed a tear for such a cause in this snug little house, where you can stand in the middle and not indeed knock out the stars in heaven, but put your hand up and rearrange all the domestic luminaries without stirring a step. But it is all at an end for her, as they will certainly be assigned to Assinniboine, and Col. Coppinger will very soon now begin to pack his penates. Alice is perfectly com-

fortable, though tired of the enforced quiet, but her attention is naturally and happily occupied with what goes on in her room. I went to bed myself very early last night, sleeping profoundly the night through almost, as you may suppose.

1884-1885

Only one letter has been procured for the year 1884, when Mr. Blaine ran for President, owing to the fact that the family gathered in Augusta for the campaign.

The next winter was spent at Washington, where Mr. Blaine occupied himself in writing the second volume of his "Twenty Years in Congress"; and the winters of 1885–86 and 1886–87 were passed in Augusta.

To Alice, at Fort Hays [1]

Augusta, November 30th, '84
Sunday

Dearest Alice, — This is probably your last Augusta letter for the winter, as your father with Rachel, leaves tomorrow for Boston, New York and Washington, and the next day, I with my innumerable caravan, M. and H. and Blaine and his nurse, and Nellie and Caroline and Peter, take our joyful way to the same bourn. I am so glad to be off, that despite the disappointment of the election I am almost light hearted.

When I reached home from Washington last Saturday afternoon, I was met by the distressing intelligence that your Father, M. and Rachel were still at Ellsworth, and would not be home till Monday, Rachel being sick with chills. Your Father also had taken cold and was too unwell to write. Imagine my chagrin — Sunday before me, with H and Aunt Susan and Cousin Abby. The last was a great comfort, but

[1] No letters have been found for the year elapsing between the dates of this letter and the one following. Mrs. Coppinger spent the winter of 1883–84 in Washington and when she rejoined her husband in the spring, the journey to Fort Assinniboine was judged too difficult for an infant, and her little boy was left with Mrs. Blaine for the first three years of his life.

she too went off Monday, on which evening at eleven M. and your Father arrived, but Rachel was not well enough to get over till Wednesday. You need not feel envious of any one who was here during those trying days.[1] It is all a horror to me. I was absolutely certain of the election, as I had a right to be from Mr Elkins' assertions. Then the fluctuations were so trying to the nerves. It is easy to bear now, but the click-click of the telegraph, the

[1] After the election the Republican papers raised the cry of election frauds in New York. They were especially bitter about the Gravesend district where a phenomenal, and, under the system then prevailing, seemingly impossible vote had been cast for the Democratic nominee. In 1893 John Y. McKane, autocrat of this same Gravesend district, was sentenced to a term of six years in Sing Sing for gross election frauds. He died shortly after his release.

The excitement of the canvass did not die out with the election, for the result was in great doubt. The early returns showed that Mr. Cleveland had carried all the southern states, together with Connecticut, New Jersey, and Indiana. In all the other northern states, except New York, the Republicans had been successful. The vote in New York was so close that both parties claimed its electoral vote for several days, and the corrected returns as they came in, showing differences from the first hasty returns of a score or two, first in favor of one party, then in favor of the other, were studied with intense anxiety. — Stanwood: *History of Presidential Elections.*

Senator Hoar in his Autobiography says: "I suppose it would hardly be denied now by persons acquainted with the details of the management of the Democratic campaign, at any rate I have heard the fact admitted by several very distinguished Democrats, members of the Senate of the United States, that the plurality of the votes of New York was really cast for Mr. Blaine, and that he was unjustly deprived of election by the fraud at Long Island City by which votes cast for the Butler Electoral Ticket were counted for Cleveland."

shouting through the telephone in response to its never-to-be-satisfied demand, and the unceasing murmur of men's voices, coming up through the night to my room, will never go out of my memory, — while over and above all, the perspiration and chills, into which the conflicting reports constantly threw the physical part of one, body and soul alike rebelling against the restraints of nature, made an experience not to be voluntarily recalled.

H S B.

To Walker

Augusta, August 19th 1885

Dearest Walker, — Your Father came at four yesterday, pleased with his visit, with his host, with their ménage, most pleased with Elinor, and full of a delightful enthusiasm for Bar Harbor and a house there, which he thinks would build up his health — argument with him irresistible. There are the two lots, with a bay front of 175 feet, similar to that which Mrs. Whittaker has already bought. The situation would please me, but the price knocks all my little castle into pieces, and I find myself confronted with a very serious outlay, the responsibility

of which I am frightened out of assuming. So with the Psalmist, I turn to the hills, whence I trust will come my help as did his.

To M., at Yarmouthport

Augusta, Sept 15th 1885

Dearest M., — We were cheered by your letter this morning. Alas, our little family peaks and dwindles, for Nannie went this afternoon under the military escort of Major Phipps and Henry, and Mrs P insists upon the same fatal step to-morrow afternoon. Mary is packing for her to-day, and sometimes it is her purple bonnet and sometimes her purple and lace dress, with which she, the maid, goes out laden. Joe and Sissy have been here today and with Audubon on the floor, and pears in hand, and the apple tree in the garden, they have been happy. Mr. Camac has written that he will be here Thursday or Friday, and from Haywood we hear that Walker leaves Washington to-day.

I have made a futile attempt to get the Hales over before Elinor goes, but Mrs Hale is not well and they turned to and telegraphed for all of us to go to Ellsworth. I shall not go over until we have seen

the plan for the house and are ready to decide on the site.

I spent my entire day yesterday reading The White Witch, and went to bed feeling verily guilty. May this lost day never be required of me! To-day, when not otherwise occupied, my fascinating employment has been cutting out and basting a white coat for Blaine, but oh, the deep distress of its ontaking! He let every bone in his body ooze into flatness. His legs gave way under him, and his waist seemed to slip through all his clothes, and in this limp condition, Mary and I had to guess at the various darts and waist lines and lengths, which were to do honor to my millinery abilities. I soon pinned up the various sections in a towel and delivered Coppy over to George, who soon stiffened up his backbone by a sight of the horses. Of course I should not write all this if I had anything to tell you about. But save your letter, no breath from the great world has reached our humble hamlet. Much love to all to whom I may venture to send so warm a greeting.

Devotedly,

H. S. B.

Augusta, Sept 24th 1885

Dearest M., — I am just back from Bar Harbor. Walker and I came over this afternoon, your Father having left us there yesterday, to sign the

contract, as he had promised to be in Lewiston to-day to attend the Fair, that he might honor Col. Osgood. So now ground is to be broken today on the lot, and by Monday, the whole thing will be started. Your Father and I stayed all night at Ellsworth, Monday. And by the same train that we left on, arrived Walker from Washington whom we had telegraphed to at Brunswick to go on with us, but he being swart and tired, thought he must go to the house, see Coppy, have a bath and a shave, before he could sit down in any company with self respect. At the station the next morning whom should greet us, bound for Bar Harbor, but Walker. He had found home intolerable, had left for Bangor at eight, and after a night there had come on to join us. Bar Harbor is a deserted village. Charles How was at the Belmont and Mrs Bates and the Henry girls, and Mrs Heard and Maxima, but as we were all full of one idea, the house, I did not in the least mind the small circle. We spent all our first afternoon on the lot, having with us the architect, Mr How, the builder, the stone mason, and all the Blaines. We decided on the site, ran out tape measures the length of the house and L, drove in stakes for the corners, pointed out the curve of the roadway, and when the shades of night began to fall, left the hillside for the hospitality of the Belmont, where we proposed be-

fore we went to bed to sign the final contract. Now mark the sequel. There were many points in the papers which required elongation, so that your Father determined to stay over till the afternoon, and as one of the mooted points was the ceiling of the hall, we thought we would go in the morning and look at Mrs Howard's, and as we were ascending the hill, seeing that little observatory which Charles How had put up on a higher part of the land, your Father proposed to me to get out of the buckboard and look at the view, and so magnificent was the panorama which, after we had climbed the rickety steps, unfolded itself, that your Father without the slightest preface said, "Camac, I shall put my house here." So now we build on the heights, and the measurements were made anew, and Walker and I stayed on to sign the contract, which we have now done. The plans had to be adapted to the new position and it costs us a little more, but I am so delighted with the change and so satisfied with the whole prospect, I am very happy. After I came home, where I found your letter, H insisted to me that you must be coming tomorrow, and as in the other event I wished to write, we telegraphed. Mail man here, Goodnight, much love,

H. S. B.

To Walker, in Washington

Augusta, Friday, Dec. 4th, 1885.

Dear Walker, — Your Hendricks [1] funeral day letter has put me en rapport with you once more, a state of mind I have been long conscious of lacking. Jamie too seems to be impressed in the same way, as I can hear him at this moment hammering away on your box of papers and books.

Why did you not ask Clarence Hale about the reunion? He is to stay with the Attorney General. I have asked the Hales, the Fryes, the Hamlins and the Reeds to stay with us, and I presume Mrs. Hitt will be here and Cousin Abby. I have not heard yet from the Fryes and Reeds. One great trouble will be the carving, but as your Father was travailing yesterday with a mighty sirloin, I asked him what he would do when the legislature was waiting to be fed. "Oh," said he, "Jacky will be here then." Your Father is doing a prodigious work on his book. He read us last night his chapter on the Fisheries, and then sat down and wrote a witty and brilliant letter to Mrs. Hazen and Mrs. Hitt,

[1] Thomas Andrews Hendricks, Senator from Indiana, and Vice-President in President Cleveland's first term. He died in office. Five other vice-presidents have died in office: George Clinton (1812); Elbridge Gerry (1814); William Rufus King (1853); Henry Wilson (1875); and Garret A. Hobart (1899).

who had written to him. Emmons writes me that Marshall Field thinks Chicago affords a lawyer the best chances. What do you say to that? M. sends her malarial love. Ever so much love,

H. S. B.

AUGUSTA December 27th 1885

DEAR WALKER, — Nothing cunninger than your telegram, which I took in at my chamber door early Christmas morning, came to me on that day of universal benediction, though I numbered silver backed brushes and gorgeous teacups and a lofty lamp among my gifts. The silver from your Father, as who has a better right than he in Leadville? And the lamp was from our Blainey. But the cups and saucers came from I know not what Aladdin. I thought of you when I received Tiffany's notification, but the splendor of the porcelain I am sure would beggar your pocket, though teacups for Mammy had been a favorite Christmas idea with you. Find out through Sally if they came from Mrs Hitt, as I wish to thank her for them. Of course your family had a very quiet day, only Dent [1] to dinner, and he so shy that he dropped his fork three times. We interchanged presents, and I was quite generous to the poor, but I do not think I

[1] Louis A. Dent, Mr. Sherman's successor as Mr. Blaine's private secretary.

spent much money outside of the family. Nothing could be found in Augusta, and I had but little time in Boston to pick up anything. In the afternoon, your Father and I suddenly decided to try Bar Harbor, but very fortunately, the train was very late, so we only persevered to the station, and such a night and following days as settled on this coast! Had we reached there, we could not have got away, and there we should be now, for it is too cold to think for a moment we could have driven to Ellsworth, and this furious gale would not let you even look out at sea. We are so glad you are coming home and Abby is to be here this week. The Reunion [1] will turn out badly. All my Congressional invitees have now written me that they must stay in Washington. Your Father has been deadly opposed to the winter plan from the first, so he is not chagrined at this untoward prospect. Mrs Hitt we are depending on and the Hamlins are to stay with us, and I shall write the Peters today. All my servants are green, so that I cannot live up to my teacups, which are carefully put away for the next summer. Much love,

H. S. B.

[1] A reunion of members and ex-members of the Maine Legislature, governors and ex-governors, councillors and ex-councillors, and heads of State departments, held from January 5th to January 8th, 1886, at Augusta, Frederic Robie being Governor at the time. Among the speakers were Mr. Blaine, Hannibal Hamlin, W. W. Thomas, Jr., Nelson Dingley, Jr., James W. Bradbury, and many others.

1886

To M.

Boston, Wednesday evening, April 7th, 1886

Dearest M., — Our visit draws to a close, and I would not will it to live alway. Two days of coupé, shopping (and — shall I say it without danger of being misunderstood — your Father), reconcile me to home and a new departure. All my money is still in my purse. I have not been able to buy even a little piece of lace for a veil, and I mend my stockings matutinally, because I had foolishly made sure I could buy some whole ones. Yesterday we spent over rugs and carpets. To begin categorically, it was twelve when we started out, — your Father, I remember, remarked just as we were shut into the cab, that it was exactly high noon. Had it been the equator or the vernal equinox that we had come to Boston to determine, I could have understood why he cared to bump his head, verifying this, to me, already established fact, but it seemed to have no connection with Lewis Wharf, to which remote mart we were bound. It was unfortunately a fig merchant who had had a very few rugs consigned to him, so after buying three of his flaring mats, to repay him for the trouble of showing them, your dearest parent embarked lovingly on an exhaustive fig conversation, and only my

prompt and decided veto, saved us from a large large order for that crushed fruit, which so seldom turns out anything but pure grit. After the loss of all this precious daylight, we made for Williams and Magnifico's in Water Street, where we repeated the experience of Lewis Wharf, much talk and less rug, but finally I did select two. This was about all I accomplished, for although I had a long interview at Hartley's with a charming Greek with Gregor's voice, who I am sure thinks he sold me a beautiful rug and a male tigerskin, we have calmly ignored to-day all these selections, so Hartley I will not count. But the irregularity of the meals has been even more trying than this conclusion which concludes nothing. I went to the Mikado [1] last night, in a state of hollowness, and of course felt hourly the cruelty of every encore.

Before we got away this morning, Louise came, but I took her out with me, while your Father ordered his overcoat, his shirts, and his new eye glasses, which are a great comfort to him, and after, I resumed the scientific shop visiting of yesterday. At one carpet place, he asked so many questions, that the man asked him if he was going into the manufacture. However, we have seriously settled down on the hall rugs, the

[1] "The Mikado" was first produced March 14, 1885, at the Savoy Theatre, London.

parlor and dining room carpets; a set of English ware at Briggs'; an order for glass, which Briggs, who sails on Saturday, takes with him to Vienna; the papers for your room, which the pater insisted on ordering for you, though it is blue and not yellow, but so pretty and his taste. Not a splinter of furniture have I bought, though I have gone over the wearisome round of bedroom sets. Davenport has beautiful things, but it would not really pay to pay for them. I do not believe, however, I can pick up your odds and ends. They are not to be had. We go home in the morning tired but happy. My love to your kind friends.

H. S. B.

AUGUSTA, Tuesday morning, April 13 1886

DEAREST M., — Your Father has just called me to the window to observe the solidarity of the snow, or rather ice, great cubes of which Henry, in a childish effort to supplement great Nature's plan, has hewn off the turf. There it lies, so dry, so insensible to outward influence you might pick it up and not moisten a kid glove. Still nothing of this kind discourages me. I am as certain of summer with its affluence as I am of this raw wind now blowing. Mr. Hale got off yesterday afternoon. We enjoyed his visit, and now Mr Phelps is coming,

full of J. G. B., as he so writes it, Mrs H, and W. W. P. I shall keep C. A. till he is off. You cannot think how preternaturally still the house is. Aunt Susan has just been down to get some sewing, but I had none, so that the quiet is unrelieved even by the click of her needle.

H. S. B.

To Walker

Augusta, Wednesday evening April 14th 1886.

Dear Walker, — All well here, and as the weather is charming, your Father has amused himself nearly all day out of doors, expediting the exit of winter by cutting up the great flats of ice, which still bid defiance to sun and spring air. Mr Phelps came at four. All day, we have wrestled with the painter, and at last I have a tint going on to the house, instead of a color at which angels might gnash their teeth. I was delighted to get a letter from you this afternoon containing your address. Tomorrow afternoon, I think we shall go to Bar Harbor. Mr Phelps would like to go, and I am anxious to see the house once more before I go to New York, which will be next week I think. It seems very quiet, but comfortable too, here. Miss Dodge has been getting off her second paper,[1]

[1] An article by "Gail Hamilton" entitled "Words" which appeared in the North American Review for July, 1886.

anti Prof. Sumner. I am reading the "Girton Girl"[1] with delight. Dinah is flat, but the girl herself is charming. Logan's book agent has also been here, and obtained a subscription, and a very swell-looking young man, with dyspepsia powders, which he says are the daily food of Aldrich, Hiscock and other great men. I see a generous box of them lying on the table. Much love,

H. S. B.

To Mr. Blaine, at Bar Harbor

Augusta June 19th 1886

My dear, — It seemed but a very brief time after M.'s return when the telegraph brought me your answer from Newport, and now your trousers are at the express office awaiting the Sunday morning train. I sent over two pairs, to suit the weather. Should you again come home, you had better leave them at Bar Harbor. Mr. Phelps's letter is not very encouraging, but I am not disturbed by it. If I do not keep this cook, I think I had better try his. E—— came with some music to play to you shortly after you left. I did not see her, but H did the honors. We are now through with tea, and it is so chilly, I shall not wonder to learn that the new overcoat is called into requisition. Were I it, no cold wind of adversity should

[1] A novel by Annie Edwards, author of "Archie Lovell," "Ought we to Visit Her," etc.

ever get between you and me, nor should carking care ever sit on your shoulders. . . . This I believe is the last of my small beer. I send it all with love.

H S B.

To M., in New York

Augusta, Wednesday, Nov 3rd, 1886.

Dear M.,—The elections have not gone over-satisfactorily, I think. I came down to the telephone this morning in one garment, summoned thither by Joseph Manley, who wished to reassure me, but after breakfast Mr. Homan came in with his big gingham umbrella, and effectually pulled down Joseph's roseate clouds. Something in the atmosphere last night was so suggestive of '84 that I felt faint and giddy, and when the Pullman came in at two, I was lying wide awake, waiting for I know not what.

H S B.

Augusta, December 10th 1886

Dearest M., — As I am now partaking of all household characters, you will pardon me if I abbreviate in my correspondence. Sarah has, as you know doubtless, married, and Fanny Fox gone to be cured of an incurable disease. Our ménage is running, so to speak, on three legs, but though crippled, we still persevere, and I am unfeignedly cheerful. With running about, dusting, and wiping china, and

scouring around the table at meals, first at the coffee cups and last at the ham, looking out for my family, I am as bright as this winter's solstice. At twelve we are going out with a double team to drive and get H, and I have Col. Coppinger's shooting jacket promised for Christmas in Fort Gibson. Dinner is arranged for, and your Father shut up in the library with Dent. Coppy is cunning and troublesome, C. A. unpacking. Last night about 9–½ I slipped into Aunty Homan's to change the air. We had a good game of whist, but coming home a little before eleven, I found your Father in his overcoat, putting on his rubbers to hunt me up. Not seeing your lively mamma at the front, the whole family inferring that I was abed, had suddenly found themselves sleepy. So the lights were all put out, doors bolted, and everybody went to his and her place. After your Father had been in his chamber about fifteen minutes he discovered that I was not there, and rushing down stairs in great perturbation, meeting two or three doors in his way and grazing his shin and nose, he was saved from the street only by my timely arrival. Judge of the tête-à-tête which followed. I have no time now after all this frivol for sense, save my love to Rachel and yourself.

1887

To M., at Mrs. Hitt's, in Washington

Augusta, Monday Morning January 1887

Dearest M., — We were delighted to hear from you this morning, and your letters bore a second reading beautifully — your Father's later breakfast calling for the repetition. He rubs his hands over his superior wisdom in advising an early in the season visit to Washington, but I cannot express the gratulation I am mentally making all the time, that you revisit the dear old city under the auspices of Mrs. Hitt. I am writing at railroad speed in the parlor, while Blaine makes ducks and drakes of everything on my writing table.

John L. Stevens [1] is here conversing with your Father and assiduously hunting for Charles Sumner, though I have assured them that the whole edition is at Bar Harbor, the head centre having himself sent them over because of their respectable binding. H has resumed school this morning, and George has just reported after a long absence, that he has been utterly unable to seduce José [2] into returning. Fortunately our 35 below zero yesterday has taken a leap

[1] John L. Stevens of Augusta, Minister to Uruguay and Paraguay, 1870–73; to Sweden and Norway, 1877–83, and to Hawaii, 1889–93; author of "A History of Gustavus Adolphus."

[2] A mastiff, for ten years a beloved member of the household.

of 40 upward this morning. Mr Hale's speech in response to his nomination at the legislative quarters is very much commented upon. Excuse this disreputable looking letter, but the lines are not so scrawly as those of my life just now. Date your next letter please. Much love to you and Mrs. Hitt.

H. S. B.

Augusta Jan. 4th 1887

Dearest M., — The unusual excitement of visitors proves almost too much for my equanimity, Mrs Goodwin, Howard, the Attorney General, Clarence Hale and Mrs. Manley to tea, and Mr Hale coming at eleven. The weather too is about as far below zero as it can get, and yet, a visitor having just departed, your Father improves our opportunity for a tête-à-tête, by coming over to my chair and saying solemnly, " Mrs Blaine, I am chilly." So is the whole world, as far as I can judge, I retort. But this e pluribus unum application does not please him, so now C. A. is doling him out tidbits from the evening papers, and H is assailing his ear with her repertoire, as they call it at Fort Gibson. Here comes Blainey from his supper of bread and jam, dressed in his pongee suit, pretty and bright. My new maid turns out like Leah, tender eyed, so I have made a scullion

of her, knowing well that your Father would object to her table service, and we have Sarah back in the dining room. She is now going round and round the table trying to make nine plates come out even on both sides. I have nothing to write about but these least of trifles. We cannot drive, it is so cold, and though the legislature brings together many men, they are not interesting to one who does not ask their votes. In anticipation of the coming of him who does, I have inspected the sideboard, and seen myself that there were lemons, gin, brandy, whisky and rum and cordials, and now let me not forget orders as to hot water. Your Father is quite troubled that you have not telegraphed. Your letter from Boston we got last night, and I am sure everything has gone well with you. I shall write Mrs Hitt in the morning. My love to her and to Mr Hitt, and be sure not to leave your wardrobe all over the house.

With love,

H. S. B.

AUGUSTA Jan. 6th 1887

DEAREST M., — C A is reading Miss Cleveland's [1] latest to your Father, who refuses to listen.

[1] Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, sister of President Cleveland, and mistress of the White House from March, 1885, until her brother's marriage in June, 1886; author of "The Long Run," a novel, and of numerous magazine articles.

H is feeding oranges to Blaine and José alternately. This is our family. Small, but not triste. Mr Hale went away at ten this morning, full of caucus honors, which came to him last night by acclamation. We enjoyed his visit very much, and Clarence took all his meals, save breakfast, with us. This, with the frequent incursions of gathering legislators, made the times seem rather lively. One of the Portland members has just been in to tell your Father of Bodwell's splendid message.[1] To my great delight and infinite amusement, the dear inaugurated carried his point, and read the inaugural himself. And this I believe is all. The jacket seems to be highly approved, and I hope not to hear of a cold this winter.

H. S. B.

To Emmons, in Chicago

Augusta, Feby 4th 1887

Dear Emmons, — I have not written since your letter announcing Mr Garrett's proposed change of your base. I am deeply interested in it, however, though being no suffragist, I shall not announce what would be my vote were I competent to give one. You have my whole heart, wherever you may choose to take it. I am writing in the genial sunshine of our own parlor. Young Coppinger stands by the table,

[1] Joseph R. Bodwell, Governor of Maine.

carrying on an imaginary story with seals. H has left St Catherine's, her term being ended, under the fond delusion that she and her Father are soon to set out on their western travels, but here is the Pater, driving away at proof all his mornings, giving his afternoons to the interests of the new water company at Bar Harbor,[1] and his evenings to the entertainment of the legislature, collectively and individually. Last night he took them collectively, giving one of those horrible old style men's parties. They came at half past eight, and at twenty minutes to eleven, even Joseph had departed. How is that for health and happiness? I did not go into the parlors, and I think the poor man did little besides feed them and give them his blessing. Still even this meagre feast, was a privilege which many, the whole country over, would have been delighted to share. I have given up all idea of going to Chicago, if such I ever had. I shall certainly go to New York for a little while, when your Father and H are ready to start, but when this will be I cannot tell. I am getting through the winter very comfortably, and am not in the least impatient to leave Augusta while the family is as cheerful as it is now. I have just been writing

[1] In 1887 the citizens of Bar Harbor applied to the Maine Legislature for a charter for a new water company, as the Rodick company, which then controlled the water system, was unable adequately to supply the town.

Mrs. Hitt, thanking her for all her kindness to M. H. and I have just discovered that the representatives have left the marks of their heads all along our old shabby wall paper!

We have buried Mrs Evans and Mrs White this week, and have consecrated the new Episcopal church. I have been to a party at Mrs. Rice's in honor of the event, being taken out to supper by the Bishop, and have given a birthday supper in honor of your Father, and he has had his party, and it is only Friday morning now. If you leave Chicago, I hope Walker will. Much love to him and to you,

H S B.

Be sure to read the Lewiston Journal which I have sent Jacky, with the narrative of your Father's statement before the Judiciary Committee. If the cottagers get unRodick water at Bar Harbor, they will owe it to him, for certainly in that event, he will have plucked the fair flower of victory from the nettle of defeat — or whatever it is.

Augusta, Feb'y 16th, 1887

Dearest Emmons, — Here are your letters, perused by your Father, H and myself. Miss Dodge has also put her all searching eye upon them, and

pronounced them good. H looks up from her reading and tells me how devoted you are to me. I certainly have a devotion to you which ought to excite a return. There is no sign of any change here — any family change I mean. Still your Father and H propose to start on their travels [1] the first of March. The Detroit speech is definitely given up — even the originator of the scheme agreeing that your Father ought not, under the circumstances, to be asked to make it. I am thoroughly contented here. The legislature makes a great difference in the town. Someone is here all the time whom it is pleasant to see, and there are all sorts of hospitalities shown to strangers, in which we are always included. I drive a great deal, and if I once go away, I shall be wretched to return. The South, I do not care for. I never could endure the thought of going there. Clarence Hale was here to dinner to-day, and yesterday Baker and Joseph. The latter's rotund figure is just going through the entries to the library. The Judiciary Committee is a tie, I believe, on the water question — disgraceful to Maine. Baker has Howard's affidavit from Walker, and it will be used on the floor of the House.

H S B.

[1] A visit to his daughter Alice, Mrs. Coppinger, at Fort Gibson.

To Walker, in Washington

Augusta
Sunday evening, March 18th, 1887.

Dearest Walker,— We are all fairly well, though your Father has the lumbago. Still, two of Allcock's plasters have so stiffened his weak back, that I see him putting on his rubbers, to go into neighbor Homan's to see Joseph who is teaing there. As you look out it does not seem that any amount of gutta percha could avail against these snow drifts, which must be water before they can find mother earth, but the air is full of promise, breathing of violets in spring and babbling brooks and everything that is of freedom and open air, where no furnace is. Parson Thatcher yesterday, thinking he would like some parsnips, inspected that portion of his garden where his turnip bed should be. After cutting or shovelling through ten feet of snow, he came to it, the bed, and, the ground being unfrozen, got his parsnips. How is this for Parsons and parsnips? Your Father was very much pleased that you and Emmons of your own volition went to Mother Angela's funeral. Vicarious attention of this sort meets his heartiest approval. The legislature adjourns this week. Of course you saw the Water vote — House 101 to 33, Senate 27 to 9. We met Charles How in Boston, and were

overwhelmed with flowers and attention. The proof is all out, the author and H hope to start Tuesday week. I am crazy to get your Father out of that hot library and from over that old writing table.

Love to Emmons, whose name is in all the papers.

H S B.

AUGUSTA, June 5, 1887.

Blainey ran away yesterday noon just as his dear grandpa was about sitting down to his last dinner. I galloped, H. galloped, we galloped all three, and the dear little culprit was found hunting his home in the Sturgis' yard. "I did n't run away, grandpa; I did n't go near the track."

TO MISS DODGE

S. S. EMS, Tuesday afternoon, June 14th 1887.[1]

DEAR ABBY, — This is the first time I have opened my well furnished portfolio since I came on this Dampfer, and the seventh day of our passage is drawing to a close. Seven days of sea and sky and sky and sea, and cloaks and bonnets and veils and gloves, and chairs on deck, and rugs, and down cushions at the back of your head, and novel reading, and a thorough emptiness of mind and intellect, if these be not synonymous terms (I declare I have forgotten how to

[1] Mr. and Mrs. Blaine and their daughters M. and H. sailed for England on June 7, 1887.

spell that adjective), five meals a day at the Captain's table, breakfast, lunch, dinner, supper, only four after all, with waiters of lemonade carried around by Wilhelm at all hours, not to say minutes, — This is about the week's record which I must hand in, if the teachings of my childhood are ever realized in that day, that day of doom. The Captain speaks English well, so does the Graf who sits on his left, ditto Mr Blaine who sits on his right, and the three lesser B's who come in succession. But the ex P. M. General of Prussia, if that be his position, and I think it is, who sits next the Graf, can only look his unutterable English at us, though his expressive looks and his courteous pantomime make us want to know him better than the others. His son, as unequipped as himself, comes next, and a young Hamburg merchant next, and these are samples of the one hundred and sixty-five passengers who fill all these tables. We take preserves with our salads and think it natural, and see the Germans who are not Jews eating raw ham, the Graf and all, and do not hint at touchiness. Mr Blaine, who began with a perturbed stomach, a disbelief in his companions in misery, two overcoats, his old Pennsylvania gloves, and a yellow silk handkerchief around his neck, a steamer chair and all the rugs he could persuade his women kind they did not need, being generally swaddled and swathed and feet put

to rest by kindly strangers, is now perambulating the deck, in one summer overcoat, kid gloves stitched with black, and a freedom of step, which is commonly supposed to belong to the healthy — as alert and bright eyed and gentle as he appeared to Dr Webb[1] at the Orthodox Club dinner. In brief, we are all doing well. The first day of the voyage, for we did not come on board till Wednesday morning, seemed interminable. At ten A. M. it might have been that hour P. M., and when we stowed ourselves away in our bunks, I was all homesickness and discomfort and amazement at myself at finding myself in such a situation, and although I do not yet understand why in my old age I should be dragged before the crowned heads of Europe, I have ceased to vex myself with questions, and am looking forward hopefully to the hour day after tomorrow, when I shall give this old blue dress and bonnet to the stewardess, and arrayed in my new New York dress and Chicago bonnet, step out on Southampton soil. At this moment the purser has just sent to H, sitting by me, a ticket for first class passage for four adults from Southampton to London, ticket to be cancelled within two days after steamer's arrival at Southampton. This makes the day of our deliverance seem very near. I brought

[1] Rev. Edwin B. Webb, pastor of the Congregational church in Augusta from 1850 to 1860.

from home *your* North American. It came Sunday morning, and I so approved your Andover article, I brought it along for Mr Blaine, and in reading it that first day out, he forgot to remember his woes and all his home joys and the German Dampfer which he wished was a Cunarder. M., H and I read you on Sunday, and I tried to get a moment to tell you how delighted I was with your argument and your treatment of Professor Phelps's [1] unwholesome looking broadcloth, and all those hominos augustos generally. I have now given the N. A. to Mrs. Young, a canny Scot, who had dilated to me on your first paper. We got off Monday afternoon at three, and as the train swung along below the Governor's Grave, there sitting on the green bank, waving to us, were Blainey and José and the four maids, and there and then my heart broke. *That* little figure in a Hitt hat with its red streamers, waving to his grandma, I shall never see again. J, Emmons and Walker and Rachel Sherman came down to the steamship and saw us pulled out into the stream without any attempt at cheerfulness, and Mr. Parsons came to the table where we were eating our last breakfast and tried to cheer us up by talking of the nesting birds of Vir-

[1] "The American Vedas," which appeared in the North American Review for June, 1887, and dealt with the theological position of Professor Phelps and the other Andover professors.

ginia, whereat we all hysterically laughed. It is a dreadful dreadful pity you are not with us.

H S B.

I received your good-bye at the Fifth Avenue, on that last day of unutterable confusion. You must come out to us.

To Emmons, in Chicago

Hotel Metropole, London.
Thursday afternoon, June 30th, 1887.

Dearest Emmons, — While I am waiting for your Father, who is dressing for Lord Rosebery's dinner, I improve the shining moment by a line to you. M., H and I are in full dress, waiting for our table d'hôte dinner and Dandy Dick [1] afterwards. We are getting quite familiar with London, though I am disgracefully in arrears in my sight seeing, and cannot yet venture into the street without the protection of a cab. Yesterday, your parents and M. were graciously pleased to be present at the Queen's Garden Party. The first persons we saw on the terrace were the Thorntons, Lady T. telling me that it was her first sight of Buckingham Palace gardens. The Beef Eaters told us how to go through

[1] A comedy of horse-racing life by Arthur Wing Pinero, produced in this country at Daly's Theatre, New York, with Miss Ada Rehan.

the palace, and after, we found ourselves on the terrace — this was all there was of it, like Niagara. The gardens are pretty as a dream, and there were thousands of ladies, gaily and beautifully dressed, and gentlemen by the hundred in every shade of ugliness. The Duke of St. Albans, I can only remember as the man with the scarred nose. The Hays and Legation people were there, and Lady Arthur Butler was pointed out to me. The Queen came through the lines of visitors, so that we had a near view of her. The Prince of Wales walked with her, and she used a little cane. It was not an impressive sight, to see all the ladies falling backward before this little and old woman, like waves dying on the seashore. That they should be willing to do it, I found it hard to understand, for the curtseying amounted to obeisance. Some of the dress was very handsome and the jewels were perfectly stunning, but the tone of the whole thing was gloomy, frigid, and totally unimaginative. Nothing here has surprised me more than the gloomy character of English enjoyment as compared with the gaiety of home.

Speaking of sick, reminds me of my own sad condition, about which I am quite humble, as I vaingloriously supposed it would be your Father who would put us, in this respect, all out. I am better, but so miserably languid, that I can hardly go anywhere.

Sunday I am to dine at Lady Margaret Beaumont's, my first acceptance for an evening, and I have still a cough and no appetite.

Your Father and I went one day this week to the Tower. I was only able to go over a small part of it. A little suit of armor made for Charles I. when little more than a baby, interested your Father. He thought it would just about fit Coppy. John Hay has just gone after an hour's visit. He had been to Charing Cross station to see his children and their nurses off to the seashore, and came in here to see if we would lunch tomorrow with Mrs Flower, an original Rothschild. We were already engaged at Lady Ardilawn's. This afternoon we are in a mess. A tea at a Mrs Hancock's, which we have accepted, and no one wants to go, the House of Commons, Mrs Phelps, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and the Rothschild house, which your Father is anxious to go over. M. is set on the House of Commons, but she cannot go without me. The Phelpses we can drop, and the Head Centre must do the Hancocks and the Burdett-Coutts, which last Smalley tells me is the saddest merry-making in England.

H. S. B.

July 15th 1887. KILGRASTON,[1]
BRIDGE OF EARN, N. B.

Friday morning, and the most beautiful day, and Kilgraston a spot worthy of the day. We came to it, dear Emmons, Monday, not knowing whither Andrew was leading us, so stupidly ignorant in fact, of all the delights of this House Beautiful, that your Father was almost ready to say he would not come unless the Hales did, and I, I confess, as bad with a difference, and here we are at a country seat, such as this island alone I imagine can show, — a gillie in tartans to wake us every morning with his pipes, a coach and four to take us daily whithersoever we will, two cooks to spread a table before us in this garden of the Lord, and twenty servants to wait upon us at bed and board. Andrew Carnegie may be little, but his hoard and heart are great, and he is a happy bridegroom, and rejoiceth as a bridegroom to have his happiness sure, so that we are enjoying, as only pilgrims and sojourners at hotels can enjoy, this oasis of home life, and day and night I bless the Providence which has set the solitary in families and moved them to hospitality. Yesterday we returned from an excursion of two days to Dunfermline. As our company was large, half of us, *your* half, stayed with the Provost, a bachelor of sixty and a canny Scotch-

[1] Mr. Andrew Carnegie's castle in Scotland.

man. Of course it was a coaching party, twenty-three miles thither, and thirty-two hither yesterday. As we drove in in an opposite direction from that on which we started out, we surprised all the servants dancing at the rear of the house. As English servants are always instructed to keep away from the master and mistress, they scurried to cover like rabbits, and when we drove around to the front door, there was the piper marching up and down imperturbably, playing the Campbells are Coming, the butler, the housekeeper, the lady's maid waiting at the entrance, and all the house maids carrying hot water to the various bedrooms. It was the funniest transformation scene I ever saw. Col and Mrs Hay are coming to-day, to stop over Sunday, a splendid addition to the company. Your Father is getting so much benefit from the open air, in which he spends the entire day, and think how long the days are in this latitude; it was half past eight when we reached home last night, and the sun was just setting, and we were dining at half past nine by its waning light alone. And your Father could read the label on the champagne bottles without glasses. He has discarded woolen socks and gaiters, and one overcoat, and is getting really a color. Also he has danced the Haymaker, which is our Virginia Reel, on the lawn, and has played skittles.

We breakfast every morning at nine, and as Mr Carnegie will not sit down to the table without him, he gets up in good season, a great advantage over that long and enervating lying in bed which at home, he so much indulged in.

We were in Edinborough four days, and I enjoyed Holyrood and the Castle and Abbotsford and Melrose and Roslyn, as every tourist does, but there is nothing in ruins or any other dead or going things, comparable to the interest of living people and homes. I would rather dine with Lady Margaret Beaumont and sit by Prince George at the Duke of Abercorn's table, or lunch at Lady Ardilawn's in London or at Mr Nelson's in Edinborough or at Mr Carnegie's old uncle's in Dunfermline, or at the Provost's, than see the Tower of Babel or any other tower, and fortunately your Father's position gives us this advantage. At Edinborough we saw the F's, going about in conventional fashion, a most melancholy hard worked couple, he counting every hour till his sailing day the 2nd of August. I hardly know what our next move is to be, but back to London I imagine. There are many particulars I spare you a repetition of, as judging from the newspapers, you get our public movements by cable. We have had letters once from home, since we came here, brief but delightful. Aunt Susan is an excellent correspondent,

though I confess this did read rather funnily: "I see by the papers you are going to see the Queen this afternoon. I hope you will have a good time."

H has just come in and says she is writing you, so as this letter is impersonal, I venture to send it to J first, as I cannot write this narrative a third time, and I have already made a statement of these facts to Mrs Cony, who is a great admirer of Andrew Carnegie and a reader of his books. Be sure to write often, if you can only send a few lines at a time. Remember that every letter saves a disappointment. We saw the Fricks in London. Much love to Walker and yourself.

H S B.

To Miss Dodge

Kilgraston, July 18, 1887.

It was on the queen's highway and this morning that Mr. Blaine and I stopped the mail carrier, and it might have been Henry Hall himself who unstrapped the pouch, so much a matter of course did he seem to take it that Mr. Blaine's peremptory "halt" should be obeyed. . . . Where were we going? Nowhere; that is, I was not, but my other ego was bound for Kinghorn to do honor to Mr. Carnegie, whom all Scotland is just now delighting

to honor. Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie had gone off on the coach to Kinghorn, — about thirty-five miles, — but Mr. Blaine against this long drive had protested so vigorously that he was allowed to go by train, though he had to give his word to coach back to-morrow. Our most generous and hospitable host is very peremptory. Mr. and Mrs. Hale went away yesterday after a week's visit, and Colonel and Mrs. Hay went this morning; yesterday the Courtlandt Palmers came. Mrs. Carnegie poured coffee this morning for sixteen. Scotland is a beautiful country, and I have enjoyed this oasis of home life in the midst of hotel life. This beautiful Scotch day, which began in cold and drizzling clouds, is now, at eleven o'clock, beaming upon us with sunshine and cool breezes. Our hostess, Mrs. Palmer, Lady C., T., and young Palmer have gone into Perth — for what? to buy a piano, so our autocrat of the breakfast, dinner, and lunch table has decreed. Young Palmer is a musical genius, and this old "grand," belonging to the effete nobility, whose purse is light, suddenly found itself condemned last night, after yielding up strains of sweetest harmony, I must say, to silence, and it was ordered that its successor should be installed in office before the evening of another day. Hence Perth, which is four miles off. For instance, this morning at breakfast, the talk had run into the expediency

of building up the navy, when Mr. Blaine was delivered of one of the most interesting and masterly statements of what it was in his mind to secure through the Garfield administration that I have ever heard even from his lips. They all came back from Kinghorn in season for a half-past seven dinner Wednesday, the Carnegies having slept in a room at the castle once occupied by Mary Stuart, and Mr. Blaine in Cromwell's room. All the Blaines in Scotland were named by name at the banquet, and for the first time in that bailiwick women sat down to a public dinner. We think now we may leave for the Trossachs Monday, coming back here for our luggage. I hate to go out into a cold world again, but we have not really crossed the water to spend our summer with Americans. I sometimes ask myself why we came abroad. Certainly I am not half as happy as I should be at Bar Harbor with Blainey, and all the others whom I hold dear; but I shall have attained, when I return, to something without which I have always thought myself to have fallen short.

HOMBURG, Sept 1st 1887

MY DEAR ABBY, — We are all well, though rather left, almost everyone we know having by now completed or cut the cure. The Fricks went yesterday, and the Hales this morning, and the Depews this

afternoon. Mr Blaine has been playing a cold and rheumatism everywhere, preparatory I think to the mortifying announcement that he is satisfied with a half cure, but a note has just come asking him to dine Sunday, at the request of Princess Christian, so I think he will drink the waters till Monday. Our cure is not over until Monday next, and H and I are eager to leave the infirm of body and purpose to go to Switzerland, but we are just a little better than nobody, so I am afraid that we must abide with the others. My days are of the quietest. We breakfast in our sitting room, waited on by a German maid, who when I complain of the rolls not being fresh, feels them all over with her fingers to assure me that they are soft. Before we were through, came a German and French woman from Frankfort, dressmakers with gowns for M and H. It takes some time to pass judgment on five costumes, but everything is so satisfactory it is a pleasure to do it. Then comes a curious and comely looking old woman from Wiesbaden, with laces, Spanish and Chantilly.

To Hon. Joseph H. Manley

Paris. Nov. 1, 1887.
Tuesday.

My dear Mr. Manley, — Or as my dear boy would say, and as I always think of you, my dear Joseph. I have been hoping all the morning that a home mail would arrive, and that we might have one of your most welcome letters, for which I have long wanted to thank you, but M has come in from the Madeleine where she has been to hear the music. Her first word on opening the door, Are there letters? — and now Mr. Blaine will be coming in for his massage with the same first words, and alas, there are no letters. I cannot tell you how much more interested I am in what we left than in what we came to. Perhaps I am too old for sight seeing, but when yesterday we drove out to see Napoleon's Tomb and Mr. Blaine was pointing out to me the cannon before the door, all foreign and all captured from different nationalities, "To think," he said, "that twenty years ago I was not satisfied till I had gone up and inspected every one of them." This time he drives by them quite contentedly. I did feel, however, inexpressibly interested in the Tomb of Napoleon, which stands out plain to the view of every one, on

all sides, reminding me of Mrs. Garfield, who said to me, as we were looking at the General's coffin, that it was a kind of comfort to her to have it all in sight.

We have been this morning to the Luxembourg and to a church, where we saw two brides and one funeral. All the wonderful pictures here are open to all without money and without price, and the workingman, as Cleveland would say, is always to be found before the pictures. I wish I could look at them with sympathizing friends. It is a pity that any should die without the sight, but let no one wait till my age. Always your affectionate friend,

HARRIET S. BLAINE.

To Mr. Joseph H. Homan of Augusta

HOTEL CAVOUR, MILAN, Dec 31st 1887 Saturday

DEAR MR HOMAN, — I have just read your letter to Mr Blaine to him, greatly to his satisfaction. It and the photograph have been here some days, and Cousin Abby, M. and I had taken the liberty of reading the letter some days ago, but unfortunately in crossing the Alps last Monday week, Mr Blaine took cold, and the Italian doctors not knowing his constitution, but aware that he is a

public man, supposed he must be very excitable, and positively forbade any news being read to him, so at a moment that his mail was teeming with all that could gratify a man in letters and newspapers,[1] he has been treated only to the wishywashy diet of woman's talk. However, we have him all right now, and have indulged ourselves in some very stirring reading. Your letter did us all good and was very good in itself, and coming from a neighbor of twenty-four years, in whom there has been no variableness, neither shadow of turning, is very affecting. The little Interior went to my heart. Mrs. Homan is beautiful. Your left hand is wrong, Mr Blaine says, "Write that it is the wrong hand extended; it ought to be the right." Dear Mrs Manley is altogether wrong, and Abby excellent. To each of the dramatis personae my love. Whenever we are photographed,

[1] Alluding to letters from home referring to Mr. Blaine's "Paris letter." "At the beginning of the first session of the Fiftieth Congress, in December, 1887, the President, in disregard to unbroken precedent, omitted altogether from his annual message a review of government operations and a statement of international relations during the year past and devoted the whole document to a plea for the revision of the tariff. The party lines were formed at once. . . . Mr. Blaine, who was making a long sojourn in Europe, in an interview with an American newspaper correspondent" (Mr. G. W. Smalley of the New York Tribune) "examined Mr. Cleveland's argument in detail and set forth the Republican side of the discussion in a way which made his 'Paris message,' as it was called, the 'key-note' of the Republican defence of the protective tariff." — Stanwood: *History of Presidential Elections.*

be sure you shall be remembered. Milan is not an interesting winter city. It lies too near the Alps. But we are in an excellent hotel, with a landlord and servants sworn to say nothing about us, and though we have been here ten days, not a Cowan nor a Moffatt [1] has lighted down upon us. Our doctor is a native of Padua, educated in England and Germany, speaking English, a thorough radical, having been a Garibaldian and having spent three years in his practice in Siberia. He has treated Mr Blaine with great skill, and as I heard him last night telling him that he was a fortune to doctors and that he thought they must miss him very much in America, I think he has correctly diagnosed his little weaknesses. We expect to go to Rome next week. Your letter was forwarded from Paris to Venice, where we were to have been, and from Venice to Milan. This name sounds high and mighty, but the realities are disappointing. I have passed many shops here, which might be Fowler & Hamlin's, so far as trade and appearance are concerned, and the dress is of a mean Yankee type. But O, the people! Miss Dodge says she cannot fathom the mystery of the connection between the churches and the old bodies she sees going in and out of them.

[1] Reporters who were sent by the New York papers to dog Mr. Blaine's steps through Europe and who gave him great annoyance by rendering any privacy impossible to him or to his family.

Here they are, the churches, grey, solemn, lofty, tawdry, carved some of them from lintel to dome, covered with the dust of ages, . . .

[Unfinished]

1888

To Mr. Manley

Hotel de Florence et Washington.
Florence.
January 20, 1888.

Dear Mr. Manley, — Mr. Blaine wishes me to write you a confidential letter to prepare you for his letter of declination which is now nearly ready to be mailed. Setting aside his own reluctance to go through another campaign, he feels exonerated from obligation to the Party by the fact that there are other candidates for whom their states are pledged to vote. As he has already run once and as he lost his election by only a small minority, he thinks the only nomination which would be mandatory on him would be a unanimous one. Were this his first nomination, he might enter the lists and fight like other candidates, but now he cannot. Self respect would not permit it.

Of course these motives do not receive mention in his letter of declination but these facts do relieve him from obligation.

To H., at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Paris

Hotel Florence and Washington
Florence, Jany 23rd 1888

Dearest H, — Breakfast just over — 9.30 — your Father in good spirits reading over his letter of declination,[1] which goes off in a day or two to Mr. Jones,[2] chairman of the Republican National Committee. Do not cry, it has to go, and we shall all be happier for being spared a summer of suspense with the chances of defeat in the autumn. You know what Savonarola said when he had been tortured into confession, "A man without virtue may be Pope, but such a work as I contemplated demanded a man of excellent virtues." Apply this to the Pater and the

[1] "The desire of the Republicans that Mr. Blaine should head the ticket once more found overwhelming expression . . . the unanimity of the sentiment was surprising. It is probably safe to say that had the delegates to the Convention been elected in December, 1887, there would not have been chosen a dozen in all the country who would have preferred any other candidate to Mr. Blaine. Great, therefore, was the confusion into which the party was thrown by the withdrawal of Mr. Blaine from the contest. On January 25, 1888, he addressed from Florence, Italy, a letter to the chairman of the Republican National Committee, in which, on account of 'considerations entirely personal to myself,' he announced that his name would not be presented to the National Convention. At the same time he congratulated the party upon its cheering prospects, foretold that the tariff was to be the great issue of the canvass, and expressed confidence that the result could not be in doubt." — Stanwood: *History of Presidential Elections.*

[2] B. F. Jones of Pennsylvania.

Presidency. From my quotation you will guess at our line of reading here in Florence. We have subscribed to an excellent English library, and so have interesting reading ad libitum. Last night when C. A. went to bed, anxious not to let her interesting romance run away with the night, she tied up her candle at regular distances, mediæval fashion, the burning of the threads marking the lapse of hours. Florence is a beautiful city, with sunshine and a good climate, above all, for us in this extremity, a good American doctor. Did M. write you of the old English doctor your Father tried at first? Blinking like an owl in the sunshine, old, frivolous? He frightened his patient into a three days' relapse, but he is paid and dismissed, and our bright young doctor of 35 has taken the place of senile 78. I do not apologize for not writing out the figures as the fashionable fad is for careless writing. I send you a check for 50 francs. If it is not enough, be sure to write me. If 25 francs is not enough per month, you can have more. Do you think I will sit in the lap of luxury myself and refuse you a corner of her apron, to come between you and the cold stones of want? I have just been reading a letter of Mr Phelps's — so Phelpsey! Good-bye, with love always,

H S B.

To M., at Rome

Florence, Feby 12th 1888
Sunday 2:30 p. m.

Dearest M., — You are missed, but not lamented. The happy thought that you are in Rome woke me at seven this morning, though I stayed abed till Annie came at eight with hot water, when I ordered coffee and toast for your Father, who ate and drank with appetite. There was a home mail, but no letters for me, though long ones from Elkins and Whitelaw Reid, remonstrating against any declination, fearing that it would be misunderstood, etc. This a little affected your Father, but it was a passing agitation. Now here is some really joyful news for you. Dr Baldwin has this morning told his patient, that he is confident that he is at the bottom of his trouble, which is not paralysis at all, but uric acid, which is the acid of gout. There is no paralysis, and from this time we can say good-bye to all our nervous fears. If his leg is stiff and his side numb, it is not the brain which is in fault, but this acid working in the system, and to be dislodged only slowly and with perseverance. We have been out driving, and not once could I discern that lingual weakness which has often so troubled me. With this verdict, I do not see how any reading matter, interesting or

uninteresting, can make much difference to him. It is not going to hurt him to see a steam car running away, or to know that Joseph Manley wants him to be president so that he may die in peace. I hardly dare believe these tidings of great joy, though deep down in my heart of hearts I am convinced of their truth. You can go about and enjoy your old Vesuvius and Pompeii and roam with Romulus as much as you want to, while I roll over the vias of Florence light of heart. My love to Abby and yourself.

H S B

Sunday evening, Feby 12th. 1888

Dearest M., — Just a line to say that an envelope of letters has already gone to you at Hotel Grand. The Carnival has resumed itself this afternoon. All your little gamins ranged themselves opposite Abby's balcony, but I know not what reward had they. The masqueraders were out in great force, and it was Sunday afternoon, but somehow I could not feel that they were breaking the Lord's Day. Annie has been to the library with a well read book and two francs, and has returned with "Court Life Below Stairs of the Georges" and the "Marriages of the Bonapartes." I read the former to your Father till he felt something wrong with his windpipe, but the doctor has assured him that it is the sirocco which

has been blowing all day, which has pleased him — the aged P — very much. A comfortable day is drawing to a close, and I am looking forward to my well earned repose with pleasure. This letter is of course written because of your change of hotels, as notified by your second telegram, which came in plain English. See everything you can with a light heart, for the thing which we greatly feared has not happened to us. I am not a pietist mother, and you will not think my benediction en regle, but it is always yours. Do you observe that your Father addresses all your letters? Much love to Abby, and tell her not to forget the Medici, apropos of whom, in passing the Torrigiani residence near the fourth bridge this morning, my companion pointed out the pills of the family of whose blood they are. My last word.

H. S. B.

Florence, Feby 13th, Monday evening.

Dearest M., — My daily chronicle will run I fancy in this wise, two drives, so many meals, a letter or two. We have driven out twice to-day, read a little in George, had a good talk, your Father saying just now on return from table, that his appetite is too great. A Manley mail came this morning, full of pathetic appeals to hold back that letter, and a cable about noon arrived via Paris, begging that it be with-

held. Since the blow has fallen, we have heard nothing. Joseph writes that they have had the greatest snowstorm on record in Augusta. No trains, and enormous drifts everywhere. We have thought of you to-day as perhaps in Pompeii. How glad you must be to have it over with. To this mean state have I come, all the pleasures of antiquity are bores. The Carnival this afternoon has been a failure. Annie is in great delight at having Miss Dodge's dress and several of yours hung up in C A's wardrobe, and the key in her own possession. The doctor has made his evening call in my bedroom, but as he was buttoning his ulster in the salon, he said to me "I am more and more convinced that there has been no paralysis. That acid is at the bottom of all the difficulty." Your father "sort o'" hates to give it up. Love to both from both.

H. S. B.

To H., in Paris

Florence Feby 14th Tuesday morning

Dearest H., — My days fly quickly by, though I am a pilgrim stranger. The doctor is most encouraging as to your Father. We drive out twice a day, having a carriage and pair by the month. The coach I do not complain of, nor the horses, but the driver is a trial to English speaking patrons. We always start from the hotel, with all our instructions trans-

lated to him by the porter, and when beyond the reach of help are taken exactly where we did not want to go. The great letter of declination came out yesterday as Mr. Jones has cabled us, also that it has carried joy to his enemies and sorrow to his friends. This seems on its face to be a most undesirable thing to do, and yet how sad it would be if no one regretted this step of your Father's. Poor Mr Manley is heartbroken. But it had to be, and in all my thoughts, which are mostly sympathy for others, I never fail to remember that a nomination is not an election, and that that day of doom has to be lived through. Besides driving, I entertain myself making a white silk petticoat for C A, — her shopping and dressmaking is of the funniest. She has picked up an Italian girl here who sews very cheap. She speaks only her native tongue. Annie does not speak Italian, but she has great courage and never hesitates to assure Miss Dodge that she has made the girl comprehend. Cousin Abby has now gone to Rome in her new Florentine travelling dress, the buttonholes supplemented with strong blue sewing silk loops, so that she may breathe freely, and a few minutes since Annie came to me with a book of patterns from C A's dressmaker, who wished I would select a mode for the making up of her black silk, Miss Dodge having simply sent her the silk with the succinct order that she was to make her a gown

not too tight. Only this, and nothing more, not even one trying on. Tread lightly on her ashes, however, ye sons of genius, for she is your kinswoman. If you want anything in the Convent, be sure to write me, and do not mortify the flesh too much during Lent, on which you will have entered when this letter reaches you. Father sends love, so does mother.

To M., in Naples

Florence Feby 14th 1888.

Princess Mia, — As you will infer we have heard from you at Napoli. Your letter was lying on the table when I came into the salon this morning, and I read it aloud to your Father in bed. This has really been an uneventful day. We have had a long and delightful drive this afternoon among those villa crowned heights that we have so often looked at from the lower road, and we have now dined, and I have laid George away forever. I enclose a cablegram which arrived early this morning, our only one. The deeps you see are dumb. I did think the boys would telegraph "a noble letter though a death warrant," but you see we are at once out of the procession. Your Father though he misses the absent sadly, has had a good day. I think the Crown Prince [1] has got into his

[1] The Emperor Frederick II, at that time Crown Prince, and already suffering from the disease of the throat which caused his death.

throat, but he did not prevent him from eating a very good dinner. Really he seems to be almost more well than usual. While we were out this afternoon, it rained smartly, but he did not mind it at all. This will be my last letter, unless you telegraph me of your longer stay, in Naples. Abby's young woman appeared this afternoon with a print of another young woman dressed fit to kill, and I told Annie to tell her to make Miss Dodge look like that. Whereupon Annie departed with the Italian dictionary, chuckling. My love to the lady of the black silk and yourself.

H. S. B.

Feby 16th

Dearest Daughter, — All goes well, and — to carry out the watchman's cry, it is past four in the afternoon. We are not out driving as you will infer, a threatening and pouring rain having frightened us from starting. All the afternoon, I have sewed and your Father has reminisced and reflected aloud with the utmost tranquillity and clear mindedness. Indeed when I consider how great is his light of intellect, I must think him a humbug, to talk of his side and his arm and his leg, as though these members, honorable though they be, had anything to do with the brain. Last night I was reading George II. Something had happened, he said it was the 18th of Au-

gust. Why how could you know, I asked. You read it last night. Think of that. It could n't have been an important date, because it related to George II. I enclose some highly interesting reading. The telegram came last evening, and Mr. Blaine decided not to answer it, as he did not care to have —— publishing anything from him, and as he simply mentioned, and naturally, the Associated Press, he did not believe there would be any trouble about the unassociated, which in the main are afternoon papers. The Times excerpt I have cribbed from the reading room, the Standard we bought. Will you send them to H as I cannot get duplicates? This reading made an interesting morning for us. We had letters yesterday and this morning from you, but I did not write yesterday. I think of you at this moment as steaming towards Rome. I cannot tell you how changed everything seems to me since I have been relieved of that unspeakable dread. All day I do not shed a tear. Supposing the Crown Prince should cough up a cherry stone, and that should be found to have been at the bottom of all his troubles. Such joy and relief as this is mine. With love from two to two,

H. S. B.

To M., in Rome

Feby 17th

Dearest M., — My hand is so cold I can hardly write, for we have just come from our second outing and your Father has supplemented it with a little walk of a square or two without rubbers, which is a departure as great as new. He really is aware of the folly of his life for the past few years. Of course, he talks much of the letter and its effect at home and on candidates, and I confess to old Commodore Truxtun's weakness, when he willed the Brooklyn Navy Yard to his daughter. The nomination was ours to give, certainly it was ours to keep, and life seems less interesting without it. This bit of *blue* sky you must charge to the weather, which is certainly not invalid's weather, being raw and cold, with a nipping blast from the freshly snowed upon mountains. The Arno is a turbid and tumultuous torrent, and how it sounds in that house of peace where we first slept in Florence, I dare not think. It makes itself heard even here. Your Vesuvius letter came this morning. You should have had a third from me at Napoli. We are extremely interested in your ascent, and your poor dear of a Daddy said with firmness that he should never attempt it. I send a letter from W. W. P. It contained a whole newspaper page

about himself and Teaneck with cuts of himself and the family tomb in Connecticut. If the London Times is taken at the Quirinal, there is an interesting despatch anent the letter, in Wednesday's issue. Annie has just made a cup of tea excellently well, which your Father and I have done justice to by drinking two cups apiece. Goodbye, with love,

H. S. B.

To H.

FLORENCE, Sunday afternoon, Feby 19, 1888.

DEAREST H., — Your letters are most welcome. The last came yesterday and has now gone to Rome. Our days go by, if not as swiftly as evenly as the weaver's shuttle. We have taken our regular morning drive, have had breakfast and déjeuner, and now have the afternoon before us. Shall we go to drive, being the only element of doubt in it, for the umbrellas are up. Your Father is getting thoroughly tired of Florence, though his doctor grows dearer and dearer day by day. Himself is surely improving, and were he other than the child of genius would probably not know there was anything the matter with him. Just now he asked me to feel his cheeks. I was obliged to admit that the one nigh the fire was warm, the off one cool. He looked at me as though I had tried to

put him in a dilemma. The notices in the London newspapers of *the letter* were rather nice, but we have no telegrams from home. Yours with all my heart,

H. S. B.

To M.

Feby 20th 1888

My dear M., — Our usual after breakfast tête-a-tête was broken in upon this morning, by Mr Crawford,[1] and as he talked on the letter and things cognate, your Father thought he felt the call very much. His physicians had sent him to Los Angeles, and he was to live as much like a vegetable as possible. On top of Crawford's hint, he recalled how interested he had been yesterday in Kennan's [2] Russian prisons and Sherman's great strategy which I had read him from the Century, and how the reaction had shown itself in his legs, so to-day I am reading nothing, but I think he is getting a little tired of himself as a cabbage. Crawford says the feeling at home against yielding to the letter is very strong. In spite of these drawbacks, we are getting through the day very comfortably. I hope your gown arrived on time. What did Abby wear on her head at the service yesterday? You see your letter came all right this morning. It

[1] T. C. Crawford, correspondent of the New York Sun.

[2] George Kennan, author of "Siberia and the Exile System."

was very very interesting. I am afraid we shall not go to Rome, the doctor is quite afraid of it, and your Father is averse to Naples. It is cold and damp and less genial here than during our first fortnight. Annie has just come from the library, to which I sent her for an Oliphant novel, with the Renaissance in Italy. It seems the patrons are so numerous the novels are all taken. This is one of the days when I am not in sympathy with disease, when it seems to me that your Father is in full possession of all his powers, eating and sleeping well, driving, alert in mind, memory so undimmed that he ran ahead yesterday of Sherman's narrative all the time with names and dates, saying that with the exception of the military technique, he could have written it all from memory. And with these prodigious powers, the chimney corner and speculation on his own physical condition are all that he allows himself. A pity! I am afraid this may read like a dull letter, but I have been quite interested in it myself.

Wednesday afternoon Feby 22nd 1888.

Dear M., — Our mail this morning panned out very badly, though your Father had a letter from Deacon Nason, thanking him for $150. and asking for more. Also, I had a sweet letter from Mr Morton, calling your Father's letter a masterpiece and not

seeing how it could be accepted. You can trust John Sherman for seeing, however. I am sorry to inform you that Beatrice Cenci was twenty-two years old, that the Cenci family did not belong to the highest nobility of Rome, coming after the Pope's bastards, that the generally accepted account of her father's treatment of Beatrice was put forward as a defense on her trial, as insanity often is in these days, and is not authenticated. I got this from my Counter Reformation — and oh, that Guido never painted her, and that there is no reason for calling that portrait Beatrice Cenci. My hand is numb. Your letters have taken to coming a day late. Your Monday one came this A. M. With love,

H. S. B.

Friday evening, February 24th, 1888.

DEAREST M., — I am just in from our second drive and he is taking a little stroll on the Lung Arno. Annie is making tea. Really my hand is so cold I can scarcely write. We had the Fisheries Treaty [1]

[1] "The fisheries question originally concerned the rights of the inhabitants of the United States to take fish on the coast of Newfoundland . . . and had become a subject of much irritation between the United States and the neighboring British American provinces. The local regulations of the latter were carried out with stringency and harshness against American fishermen; the latter solicited and procured retaliatory legislation from Congress. To end this unsatisfactory state of affairs, a treaty was negotiated at Washington in February, 1888, by Thomas F. Bayard, Secretary of State, William L. Put-

this morning. Your Father thinks it very much of a give away on our part. I forgot to speak about the sashes yesterday. You must get one for me to give H for Christmas, and if you think best, get two, for you know these sashes are the making of white gowns, which a seamstress can make. Your Father comes in saying, "Certainly one thing is very encouraging, I can walk well, tonight as well as ever." And now, after tea, he says, "Unless I have lost my judgment, that Treaty is a most egregious sell." I must hurry off my letter. With love to two from both,

H. S. B.

To H., in Paris

Florence Feby 23rd 1888

Dearest H., — Your tidy little letter came this morning in company with one from M. and one from Walker, all equally welcome and equally worthy of being so. . . .

After breakfast the London Times is brought to us, and I search it for the Fisheries Treaty, in which your

nam, and James D. Angell, plenipotentiaries on the part of the United States, and Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., Sir L. S. Sackville-West and Sir Charles Toppen, plenipotentiaries on the part of Great Britain, which treaty was approved by the President, and sent to the Senate, but rejected by that body on the 21st of August by a negative vote of thirty against twenty-seven in its favor." — *Larned's History for Ready Reference.*

Father is much interested, and which was sent to the Senate Monday — in vain. Then comes the doctor, and as his long conference with his patient, most interesting to the latter and so not to be foregone, is very depressing to me, I withdraw to our bedroom, where over a good fire and in a good armchair, I read the Counter Reformation in Italy,—most interesting. The doctor gone, the carriage comes around, and we drive off, giving this stimulating order to our Italian cocher "The same as yesterday," through the hotel porter. Your Father has acquired two Italian words, "Piano" slow, and "Presto" quick. He gives them out at intervals during our drives and generally in critical places, and always with the same effect, dead stop on part of carriage, till the driver has time to recall whether he was going fast or slow, when he infers that he is to go the contrary and thus proceeds. We return in season for déjeuner, which is always excellent, and after, I read all the bright places in my book, conscientiously going through the dull parts sotto voce. Then comes the carriage again, and we repeat the experience of the morning, only whereas in the earlier day we went to the east, we now go to the west, and after we are back by our fire, Annie makes a cup of tea, and I write to M., and there is our eliminated dinner, and the doctor again, and the morning and the evening are the first day,

and the bed carries us over to the tomorrow. Always your Father wears his grey Scotch tweed coat, and always I wear my Frankfort black gown. I cannot realize that only so short a time ago, there was the evening dress for your Father and the black lace for me. Now, he sees no one. The Crawfords have been in Florence this week, and as your Father did not want reports of his sickness to go home, he saw him several times. Crawford thought he had never seen him look so well, but it was a great strain for him to keep up through the visit, especially as Crawford wished to talk politics all the time. Fortunately for us, the unhappy condition of the Crown Prince has called them to San Remo, for which place they left this morning, Mrs Crawford saying she was afraid their visit would be fatal to H. R. H. as they seemed to be always in at the death. Your Father has an excellent appetite, sleeps well, and though he does not read or write, is full of interest in everything read to him, so interested in fact, that he is often afraid to have me go on, as his trouble is wholly a nervous one.

Much love,

H. S. B.

To M., in Rome

Saturday afternoon, Feby 25th 1888.

My dear M., — I have been on quite a lark to-day, to the Uffizi gallery. A bad headache this morning kept me in doors, but four of Dr Baldwin's powders having worked their sweet will on me, I amused myself by reading Baedeker, and to my shame and confusion of face, discovered that I knew nothing about Florence, and that if there was a place worthy of being known, it was Florence. Hence the Uffizi. We went after the lunch, and the carriage came for us at 3:30, but it was ever so much better than nothing. I am writing in the dark, as my lamp has gone to preside over your Father's hair cutting. We have had all the weathers of the compass to-day, so I presume have you. This afternoon, no one disputed the Cascine with us. Somehow, I could not bear our rooms, so Annie and I sallied forth to look at pictures. I timidly ordered home two aquarelles, Fra Angelicos, and an original painting for your Father to look at. The pictures and the barber came in together. He gave them one look and took them all.

Do you remember seeing H's convent bill? She thinks it was sent, but I have never seen it. I am

a little uneasy about Aunt Susan, but in very good spirits as to your Father. We shall not decide on our migration till you are back. I saw Mr and Mrs Rice of Bar Harbor at the Uffizi this afternoon. The barber is paid and is gone — the fine old head looks as massive as ever. With love —

H. S. B.

Sunday afternoon,

Dear M., — I shall not bore you with much of a letter at this time, because you will want to be dipping into the Tribune which I send you and which Jamie very thoughtfully sent us. Mr Manley has also written, just the day before the letter came out, making a last plea, but as his letter is largely on state politics, I will not send it. Your two letters to himself and to me, came this morning. We shall be awfully glad to see you. This day is perfectly resplendent— how is it with you? I caught a moment on my homeward drive for Santa Croce, the first time I have been in it, and got a look at the Alfieri monument, only a look however, as your Father was afraid of the chill, which was indeed a sweet contrast to the great warmth out of doors. You can keep the Tribune for the cars, but do not fail to notice Jones's interview. And take note of Reid's remarks, and in short everything. I think you

will see a great improvement in your Father. He begins to read quite a little. With love,

H. S. B.

Monday afternoon, FLORENCE,

DEAR M., — Your Father wants me to explain that it was not he who blotted this check, but I, by carelessly laying my pen down on it. We have been entertained this morning, reading the Press of Tuesday, the Tribune of Wednesday and the Chicago Tribune of Monday. No letters from the Chicago brothers as yet. Your Father is simply astounded at the effect of his letter. I expect that Joseph Manley is in as high a heaven as ever. This is my last letter to Rome I suppose. How glad we shall be to see you! With love,

H. S. B.

To H., IN PARIS

NAPLES, March 23rd

DEAREST H., — We are going from Naples to-day to Sorrento or Amalfi, leaving here at two o'clock. We are all glad to go. Your Father is almost his best self again, dining, mealing I mean, in the restaurant, meeting people without reserve. After our winter of seclusion this change is pregnant with meaning. Mr

Hale[1] is a lonely man in Europe. He had a terrible time going up Vesuvius, and said it was one of those frightful experiences to be recalled always with horror. I am writing before breakfast, to the tune of a hurdy gurdy and an empty stomach. The other dear members of your family are in various stages of rehabilitation. I am growing wildly impatient to turn my face westward and Parisward. Your image comes between me and all other idols. C A and I have both bought largely of shell combs, and I have indulged in a pink coral three strand necklace for you, just to give a suspicion of color to a white dress.

With love,

H. S. B.

SORRENTO, March 31st 1888.
Good Friday.

DEAREST H., — You really must excuse this beggarly paper. I have just one sheet of proper paper left, and that I dare not use for a family affair. For a wonder, we are a divided family to-day. This morning, M. insisting on church, your Father, Cousin Abby and I, drove off by ourselves, up, up, up over the hills, all orange and lemon clad, which by the way is not a poetical garment at all. Give me the bright wooded heights of Mt Desert, and Umberto is welcome to his half nude Italian beauty. About

[1] Judge Clarence Hale.

two o'clock we got home, to find the Mademoiselle had been to déjeuner and again gone out. But one of my two last sheets of paper lay on the table addressed to myself and the mystery was explained. H, she had gone on a picnic! Really, and truly, and on Good Friday. Let us hope that nothing fatal will happen to her, as chanced to poor Lincoln when he attended the theatre on Good Friday evening, to find there Wilkes Booth's pistol and his own death. On her way home from church she met Mrs Berdan, the belle mère of Marion Crawford. You know who he is, author of A Roman Singer, etc., and she came home with M. to invite the Pater to dinner Sunday night, to meet Lord Bute,[1] and not finding us, insisted on M. going with them on their picnic, which like a sensible girl, she did, and she must be pleased to be without father or mother or cousin, I am sure. I often think she has a long tail to her kite, speaking all our French for us, looking over our bills to see that we are not cheated, and finding all our fault for us, which otherwise would die in our own bosoms. It was very amusing yesterday to see your Father shopping in Sorrento woods. He bought and bought and bought. Your box I have in my trunk, though all the Pater's shopping has gone by sea from Naples to New York. Then we could hardly tear him away

[1] The third Marquis of Bute, who died in 1900.

from the haberdasher's, where he bought neckties for the Coppinger children and silk handkerchiefs and caps and stockings. You will see by Walker's letter, which came this morning, that the stories of the great blizzard in New York were not exaggerated. Not a stage, nor a street car, nor an elevated R.R. car ran for days in New York. And the bridge between Brooklyn and that city was wholly impassable, and no milk reached the city for three days. I am trembling for what I may hear from Jamie. All telegraphic communication between Boston and New York was by way of London. It was dreadful too in Boston. You cannot think, my dearest, how sorry I am not to be in Paris for Easter.

H. S. B.

Sorrento, April 3rd,
Tuesday, ante breakfast.

Dearest H., — I have torn myself away from your Father, or rather from his morning toilet, that I may write you my last letter from Sorrento, before coffee has made my hand tremulous. Not that our coffee is a genuine article at all, but I am imaginative. Interruption from bedroom — "Mother, is Annie there?" "No, but I am, what can I do for you?" "Alcohol and ammonia. I am sure M. has the two, and if you will mix me a little — one part am-

monia and two alcohol " — this is done, and I resume. We are all pleased to leave Sorrento, though M.'s picnic turned out a charming drive out with Mr Crawford, and the return one with Mr Chanler, a cousin of Crawford's, and your Father went to the dinner in undress, looking very attractive, with strictest injunctions to his voiture for nine and a half, and at 11–½ he was still missing, though home before 12. From which you will infer that he enjoyed the dinner and company. I cannot tell you how much this means. He has not been out since we reached Milan, and all society for him has been confined to his womenfolk and his doctor. Yesterday, I was standing at the door of our cottage, for we practically have an apartment, when a tall, rather awkward man came up the steps, asking for no one, but moving around the hall awkwardly, poking his head into M.'s door, which was open, and coming to grief over the stairways, so that at last I asked him if I could not assist him. He was looking for a waiter, so I told Annie to ring a bell, and when it was answered, I was surprised to find that he was sending his card to " Mr Blaine." So then I came forward and took him at once into our little salon, where your Father sat amid a pile of Tribunes with C. A. Our visitor was Lord Bute, and Lord Bute is the Lothair of Disraeli. I liked him immensely, but you should see the contortions of his

long legs and the martyrdom of his hat to appreciate his diffidence. We are going to Naples this afternoon, tomorrow to Rome to stay till after the 11th, then to Florence for a day, then the Riviera. I am so anxious to get to Paris. I have just read your letter of Holy Thursday. I think of you daily — as often as Daniel of old prayed. I hope the week may not prove interminable to you. I am just in from buying five dozen pairs of silk socks for the boys, neckties for you and the grand-boys. We are now going to leave cards on the Crawfords and " my Lord " then luncheon, then the steamer for Naples. Annie has packed up so closely that I can scarcely get a handkerchief. Your Father has been writing letters all the morning. What this means, only those who have been with him all winter can tell. My heart is like a feather when I look at him.

H. S. B.

Rome April 17th 1887

Dearest Daughter, — We are to leave Rome Thursday morning, and as this is Tuesday, I may not write you again from the Eternal City, which is as modern as Milwaukee, and to your Father's eye much like it. We have found it very pleasant, and had your Father been as well as now, I could hardly imagine a pleasanter place for passing a winter. At

last we have come out of our hermit life and have bridged the chasm which has for months separated us from our kind. Indeed it sadly has interfered with sightseeing, to find that we must return visits on certain days or be thought rude. M. took Annie out yesterday and cut a big swathe with pasteboard, however. The weather is perfectly glorious and we improve it to the utmost. Yesterday, M. and I in black lace, went with your father and Mr Schuyler to see the Austrian pilgrims received at the Vatican [1] by the Pope. The crowd however, was so great that we could see only the pilgrims, and this hardly repaying the pressure, we hurried up to the exposition of the Jubilee gifts, which are a show to put the famous " Field of Gold " to the blush. Among them, we discovered President Cleveland's modest gift of the Constitution. Since writing, I have been interrupted by breakfast and the advent of C A's dressmaker. Our brilliant cousin is now wrestling with a French demoiselle, who is pinning a most refractory grey gown which she has had made in Rome, into shape. The skirt hangs forward in front, and stands on the floor all around. To my eye, it is hopeless, but Abby is very cheerful over it. Do you know that Mr. Phelps's house at Teaneck has been burned?

[1] This was the year of the Grand Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII, held to commemorate his fiftieth year in the priesthood.

They lost nearly everything, among the rest a portrait of your Father. After a long silence we have heard from Jamie. He says nothing about the blizzard, nor his visit to Washington where he was caught by it, but gives the satisfactory information that his boy is as fat as butter and the very unsatisfactory, that Small Hopes has come to an end, there being no longer any ore in sight. Strange to say your Father takes this trip-up to our fortunes most philosophically, so you certainly need not give it a thought, and M. is at this moment starting out with C. A. for a visit to the Pantheon, where is the tomb of Rafael, in a new spring gown and hat. C A, I am sorry to say, falls behind her youthful friend, for she has on a gown of blue, a wrap of the same color, which belongs to another suit, and a bonnet belonging to a third costume of the same hue. She may be said to be a boundless contiguity of shade. I hope the sun shines in Paris this morning, and that May day may see us with you there. Ever with boundless love,

H. S. B.

To M., in Paris

Savona, Monday 8 P. M.

Dearest M., — Will the time ever come when I shall have any paper? Not a word of English

is spoken at this inn, and at this very moment the air of this room is vocal with poisson and poulet and du lait, rolled off from your Father's cosmopolitan tongue. We left Genoa at 4–½ this afternoon, having spent the morning at the bank strengthening the sinews of war, at the Municipal Building, where in the room of the great Consul, we saw a mosaic portrait of Christoforo Colombo and Paganini's violin, and an old palace, and the silver shops, where I was presented with a beautiful little picture frame, with the Madonna of the Chair for a "pitch," as your guide called it. We had a comfortable déjeuner and as there was a large influx of Cook's tourists before we left, I dare say the Albergo du Parc is still extant. . . .

Ink is so intolerable, I must resort to initials if possible. We are now through with our poisson and poulet which we ate at a little side table in the table d'hôte room, amid the smoke and jokes of the earlier diners. Our bargain for the voiture for tomorrow is made, a lead pencil, the Bureau man, C A, your Father, the French, Latin, Italian and English tongues, the Voiturier and I having assisted in the compact, which is thirty-five francs for the drive to Savona and five more if we keep on to Alassio, as we probably shall, it being our full determination to telegraph our coming to Mrs Schuyler in the morning.

My ideas flow, but not my ink, which is worse, so I will not inflict any more details upon you. I give up this space to love for H. I envy her your company and am glad for her. Your shoes arrived just as we were starting. I will try to advance them tomorrow.

H. S. B.

To Walker, in America

San Remo, May 1st, 1888.

Dearest Walker, — We have come today from Savona to this well known place, having left Genoa yesterday at 4:30. All our arrangements were made for driving to Savona, but a soaking rain interfered with our plans, so we have traveled to-day by rail, but we hope tomorrow to go by carriage to Monte Carlo. The season at this place is almost over, but we have been to the Villa Z. this afternoon to look with much sympathy on its colored windows and falling and blooming roses. We are at the Hotel Bellevue, which is very nice. Our déjeuner today was a real treat, and we all ate to eat, though at many of these Italian Inns one can only eat to live. A carriage returning to Monte Carlo has applied for our patronage, and we have struck the bargain — twenty-

one miles for thirty-seven francs, including pour boire. Perhaps you know already that M. has left us. After two days of driving her long legs rebelled at the confinement of the carriage, and she took Annie and left for Paris. That was Sunday evening, and she should have reached H's convent yesterday. There she is to stay till we overtake her. I miss her fearfully, and your Father could not be reconciled to her indifference to the Riviera. In a phaeton, may be fascinating reading, but in a carriage en famille must be tiring to youth. With our usual lingering wisdom, your Father has just this very afternoon, and this is our last day in Italy, bought "Easy Lessons for the English Tourist in Italy." But I soon instructed him from its page, to sleep, and he now lies here sleeping the sleep of the well fed and the active, the good conscienced and the tired. Just now we are very well posted as to affairs at home, for we met at Genoa a large mail, including delightful letters from Emmons and yourself, Emmons's from Boston, and many newspapers, and yesterday before we left, the Consul sent around a package of New York Heralds. We have followed poor Conkling [1] down to the gates

[1] Mr. Conkling's illness resulted from exposure during the blizzard of March 12th, when he made his way on foot that terrible afternoon from his office in Wall Street to the New York Club on Twenty-fourth Street. He was three hours in buffeting the tempest and arrived at the Club greatly exhausted notwithstanding his wonderful

of death, and have been truly sorry to see them close upon him. I have never heard your Father, in all the twenty-two years since he spoke hard words to him, say a syllable which he need regret, but his death bed seemed hardly less inaccessible than his life. We found at Genoa also a cablegram from Elliott Shepard, which had been following your Father up and down, asking if he could have the B. H. house. He can, and he has been so telegraphed, but as no answer has come, I think it possible he may have engaged the Leeds cottage. As your Father has accepted the Carnegie invitation, he will not probably reach home before the last of July. Dr Baldwin earnestly advised your Father to take this coaching, as he thinks his delicacy has been caused by excessive indoor life. He seems perfectly well now, but on the subject of the presidency is morbid, and nothing I am convinced will induce him to accept the nomination. Of course you have seen that statement by someone by the name of Heywood. Your Father never saw or heard of him, nor is there a word of truth in one of his statements. To return to my return, I am very anxious, now that I know we are not going to Bar Harbor, to restore the faded and tarnished glories

physical powers. The strain resulted in an abscess in the inner ear which led to an inflammation of the brain, and he died on April 18th, after much suffering.

of the Augusta house a little, hoping earnestly to have it filled by those dearest to me in the world, this summer. I am going home to pick up whatever may be left of the old place. With love,

H S B.

To M., in Paris

Monte Carlo, May 3rd 1888

Dearest M., — I am all strapped and locked and ready for the flight to Nice, our last *carriage* I think. I shall not take unkindly to the rail, as we travel in the heat of the day, on the sea level, with a wide eyed sun looking into the very thoughts and intents of the heart, which is like wax before him. By the time I reach my goal I have not a shred of self sufficiency left. There is nothing in Monte Carlo to detain us. We have been to all the gambling tables, which are crowded. Gold like the sands on this seashore, all the odds and ends of continental life I judge are here, but few with name or fame to restrain them. I have seen one sad sight. As we came into Monte Carlo a carriage was coming around a bend in the road. The moment I caught sight of it, something in the woman attracted my attention. I felt that I knew her, and though her hair was lemon colored and her

cheek's pale oval glowed with a red and restless and false spark, and the blasé looking man in the carriage was looking at her with a rude familiarity, I saw that it was ——. She had a little dog with her, and the marks of dissipation were all over her once lofty face and figure.

To Walker, in America

Lyons France, May 6th 1888

My dear Walker, — I am at a loss to know when I wrote you, but I am sure my latest days will not be a recapitulation. We are not in Lyons to buy silk for gowns, but to see the place, and also to rest on our long journey to Paris, and your Father I think, wished to verify Pitt's statement that he "had stood at the confluence of the Saone and the Rhone, and marked how the tumultuous waters of the one, were to be distinguished from the glassy calm of the other," though I cannot pretend to give the quotation. We came from Avignon this morning, having lain, as they say of Kings in their progress, in an Inn four hundred years old, that is, it was built that long ago and has been an Inn for over a hundred years. It was quaint enough, and the mistral was blowing straight from Africa. We left at 10:40 and were in Lyons at 2–½. The day was charming and the drive interesting, and after a good luncheon, we went

out driving to see the city, intending to leave tonight for Macon, but Miss Dodge, who travels by Baedecker, thinks there is a good deal to see, so to my dismay, I find myself delayed another day in getting to Paris, where I am anxious to be. I have written Nellie Deane to open the house for me, but I shall try to get a look at it before the 20th. We saw Marseilles, thanks to Mr. Mason, very well. There too I saw Mrs Mitchell [1] and Mattie. I am anxious to see H. M. is in Paris with her. I am delighted to be going home. I have written Alice to send home the children. I hope you will be willing to spend the summer there. Your Father is, I think, well, whether he can be made to believe it himself, is another question. With love,

H S B.

To James

Asham, Yorkshire, England.
June 14 1888, Green Swan Inn.

Dearest Jamie, — Our seventh day of coaching, and our eighth from London, as we lie by Sundays. It is four o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, and we have just alighted from the coach after an hour's

[1] Wife of Senator Mitchell of Oregon. Mattie Mitchell later married the Duc de La Rochefoucauld.

drive since luncheon, which we took at Doncaster. This is one of our light days, as we have come only twenty-three miles. By Sunday, we shall be two hundred miles from London. Of course we are not driving in a straight line, but by many attractive détours. All goes well with us, and to those in whom you are immediately interested, it is a life of entire irresponsibility. Your Father travels in a coat, a top coat, a cardigan jacket, a winter overcoat to his hand, and a rubber coat for exigencies. He wakes every morning thinking that he has taken cold, but he always comes to breakfast hale and hearty, and there is no one on the coach who can compare with him in quantity or quality of voice. I do not sit with him, but I can follow his flow of talk from the rear or the front at all times. I shall not try to tell you of our trip in any of its more formal aspects. First, I am not a narrator, and second I have strong suspicions that our movements are cabled. Our host is not a man to turn a deaf ear to a reporter's appeal, and I observe that at all our stopping places, some one from the postoffice sends in a card. Annie, Mrs Carnegie's maid, travels by train with all our bags, and yesterday she found herself in possession of an extra bag, marked "B care of Mr Carnegie." I have no doubt it belongs to the newspaper fraternity. But no slight annoyances can hurt us. We are beautifully

and sumptuously taken care of at all our stopping places. I am at this moment writing in haste to catch the London mail, as being so much in the open air unfits us for anything but bed in the evening. Our expenses have been so great I cannot buy as much as I wish, and every day I give up some cherished plan, such as glass or china or table linen or beds or furniture. However it does not matter. I really think I have come to an age when nothing purely personal will try my spirit. I have had a wonderfully happy life, and I will not accept good from the hand of the Lord, and not be willing to accept evil. If my children and grandchildren can carry up the name to respectability and honor — I am truly blessed, but I do not like to think that Mr Carnegie's favorite saying " from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves, three generations," need be true. Your Father cabled Mrs Garfield from our last stopping place, our congratulations on the double wedding [1] of to-day. That was a good letter you wrote me on your Father's probable second letter, but I think he has acted wisely. Do not allow yourself to be troubled over anything political. It will not pay. Will you send this letter

[1] At Mentor, Ohio, on June 14, President Garfield's only daughter, Molly, was married to Mr. Joseph Stanley Brown, and his eldest son, Harry Garfield, was married at the same time to Miss Belle Mason of Cleveland.

to Emmons, as I cannot write again. With very much love.

H. S. B.

To Walker

Cluny Castle, Kingussie, N. B.
July 10th, 1888.

Dearest Walker, — I am just through with Emmons's letter to me, yours to M., Sally's to ditto, and Aunt Susan's to same, all of which, M. and your Father, who had gone to Kingussie with Dr Eaton to see him off for London, had brought from the postoffice. Our nearest mail station being eight miles off, makes the coming and going of guests an occasion for a good drive of sixteen miles. Yesterday we all went in on the coach to see the Phippses off for Norway and the midnight sun, but to-day, the Highlands having on their densest nightcap, only the wagonette was taken out. It rains at Cluny every day and at all hours, and there are only three roads to drive on, that over the desolate moors and mountaintops by which we came originally, this of to-day to Kingussie, and another to Fort William. Mr Carnegie has a coach, a landau, a closed carriage, two wagonettes, saddles and saddle horses, and baggage traps of all kinds, ten horses at least, but it

is like the equipage of a railway with no tracks, there are no drives. And it is so cold. I arrived at Cluny in a shawl, two cloaks on top of that, a boa, bonnet and two veils, and over all a plaid shawl pinned tightly under my chin. When we go out driving we bundle up, as we do in Augusta only in winter, but spite of the absence of summer and the presence of the rainfall, we enjoy ourselves, Cluny and each other, much. The walks about the castle are fascinating, wild, running by the mountain torrents up hill and down, sheep everywhere and a loneliness which may be felt. They remind me of Christopher North's scottish tales and of Mrs Carlyle's Craigenputtock. Then the hospitality is immense, and I must not forget the long days, which reduce candle light to a minimum, for we leave the dinner table at nine and lights at ten seem an impertinence, only Damrosch, who plays Wagner music every evening, needs candles to make out his operas. So the time goes irresponsibly. Doctor and Mrs Dennis of New York, Mr Jenkins of New Jersey, and the Dennis boy have joined us here. We had expected to leave tomorrow, to spend one day in Edinburgh and from Saturday to Thursday in London, sailing from Southampton on the 19th, but the Inman Line has invited us to sail on the City of New York the first of August. Your Father is perfectly well, in the best of spir-

its. Think of it! To-day, he has driven in a soaking rain, in an open carriage, sixteen miles, and I have now just left him after his lunch, roast lamb, cabbage, stewed rhubarb and cream, whiskey and water, the great English table drink now, and crackers and cheese, reading aloud Ingalls'[1] screed in the North American Review on Cleveland. Tell Emmons I will be sure to have him well dressed when he reaches New York. The convention[2] made no ruffle and has left none on the bosom of his content. Not for worlds would he have the campaign on his hands. A strong motive with me for accepting the City of New York invitation, is that it gets us home two weeks later for the campaign, and Dr Dennis has told him that he cannot be too careful in going from the cold of Scotland to the heat of America. Moreover, he ought not to speak much — though how this is to be managed I must leave to others. I take little interest in the campaign, but in getting home and seeing you I am immensely interested. Do write Tom about Caroline Hunter. Much love, H. S. B.

[1] John James Ingalls, U. S. Senator from Kansas.

[2] The Republican Convention of 1888 which nominated Harrison for President.

[Fragment]

Augusta, Maine. September

Joseph Manley and Mr. Blaine and Walker are under the apple trees looking at the sunset and weighing the campaign in the balance. Apparently our hero is none the worse and much the better for its wear and tear. Alice is telling stories in true maternal fashion to Conor in the sitting-room, while in the distance Blainey, returning from the cemetery with Aunt Ellen, sends out a cheerful holloa to the philosophers in the garden.

To M., at Farmington

Thursday afternoon
October 11th 1888.

My Dear, — Just a line to tell you that nothing has happened since yesterday. Yes — I take that statement back — a glorious day has happened, of which I trust you have availed yourselves to get to Farmington by a charming drive, unshawled, as I know that H's gentle spirit would be ruffled at being huddled up in one.

I have sent a telegram and written to your father to-day at Indianapolis. I hope you read in the morning papers his speech yesterday at Goshen. If you did, you were proud of him. My eyes are still

very bad — too bad for a drive this afternoon. I think of you as arriving at H's new missionary field, and am filled with good wishes for her happiness. Blainey sends his love to H and M. — send H. a kiss, send M. a kiss.

To H., at Farmington

Tuesday morning October 16th 1888

Dearest H., — Here is the X you ask for, and it seems to be your and M.'s favorite, as I sent her one last night. What can I tell you? The house is in perfect order, Jamie is in the library, that Augean stable being still unswept, George has concluded not to live out any more, and has just given me notice, which pleases me unusually, as I am apt to put up with rotten apples rather than look over the fruit, a bad rule for cider and servants. The sun, that gay deceiver, is shining high in the heavens. If I were well, I would go to Mrs Cowles' golden wedding, but my eyes are yet but little better. How I should like to kick this spick and span floor up through the cupola, and see it come down covered with newspapers and Jackie's cigarettes and your Father's over-coats, not to mention the dear incumbent. Its order and stillness are only less irritating than its senseless interruptions. Adieu, my wise little

daughter. Keep me unanxious. Feminine Frances is spelled with an "e." Think of the first lady in the land,[1] who is not your chère mère,

H. S. B.

[Fragment — Autumn 1888]

Writing is due to Walker's partnership at the writing table, a luxury he did not find in the mansion of the president-elect, though Mrs Harrison has sent him her card addressed by her own hand to Augusta. He is now describing in the language of the law, some land lots which your Father owns in Denver, and which may perhaps turn out a song, perhaps turn out a sermon, to a real estate agent there. Our partridge, the onliest one in Augusta, is coming out to help out the cold roast of yesterday for to-day's dinner. I am trying to get Mrs Hunter up to the effort of two extra mince pies for you, but just now when I was in the kitchen I saw a poor little lonely orphan, without father, without mother, without brother or sister, and destined to no length of days, slowly browning in the oven. Aunt Hannah arrived from Boston last night, and it has to be broken to her. that Alice in giving away all your Father's woolen socks, included in the rape his slumber socks knit by her own fingers, and des-

[1] Frances Folsom Cleveland, wife of President Cleveland.

tined for a statesman, but by a cruel fate ultimately cherishing the pedals of old Saunders. Alice made a fell sweep of thirteen pairs of your Father's stockings.

To M.

Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York
Thursday morning Nov 1st 1888

Dearest M., — At 8½ I am through with breakfast, with Jacky and your Father, who have just started for Connecticut, and have the day to do with it what I will. After my long and lonesome and most uncomfortable ride from Boston, for every chair in the car was taken, and I was oppressed almost to vertigo by the air of the car, it was indeed reviving to see Col Coppinger's white moustache, which I was expecting, and to hear Walker's cheery greeting, a surprise. Your Father looked extremely well and young, and his face is like that of one of the shining ones. Before breakfast Alice appeared yesterday. She was all in brown, and like Jenny Wren, not too fine but fine enough. I cannot find that she has made any progress in house getting, but she has no idea of going home as she enjoys every moment of the city. Your Father and I were at the Carnegies a long time yesterday. We stepped over painters and their oil pots to get in, and finishing

touches are being put to almost all the rooms. Their Cluny butler opened the door, and Annie and Ellen I saw in the bedrooms. Mrs Carnegie came flying down stairs to meet me and carried me up to the library and Andrew, in the elevator. Mr C. gave me a great hug, and in every conceivable way demonstrated his welcome.

Fifth Avenue Hotel New York,
Friday morning, Nov 2nd 1888

Dearest M., — You must blame Alice that I did not write a letter last night, as she has waited until after election about a house, so she appeared yesterday morning at ten and we separated at four.

Your Father and Walker left the hotel at nine in the morning, so I have a long day before me. For the first time I entered a shop, trying to get a trifle for H's birthday. No success, then Alice took me by the elevated to Mrs Sherman's door, where she left me to seek a Mass. Mrs. Sherman has changed dreadfully. She has the tortured look which long and endured suffering gives. The seat of her trouble is the heart, so the suffering is great. Still she kept me, and when Alice came back, her religious aspiration unsatisfied, she made us stay to lunch. Ellie was there, and Mrs Steele, Lizzie and Rachel and Minnie's oldest boy. A great family you see, and a

most delightful one, and the meal so good. Their dining room overflows with hospitality.

I made such an appeal to the General and Mrs Sherman, that Rachel is going home with me on a very brief visit. It was very interesting, and no less touching, to see the abandon of Ellie to entertain and amuse her mother. After luncheon I had gone down into the office to see the General — you know he never has lunch. Word came down that a Mrs. Salisbury, an old Methodist lady, had called, and that Mrs. Sherman wished the General and Mrs. Blaine would see her, as it would gratify the poor body. Up went the General, and I followed. He was very much disgusted as Mrs Salisbury insisted on telling her church troubles, which all hinged on the innovation of an organ into the meeting-house. The General snorted and gave audible vent to his impatience, which Mrs. Sherman hushed up, and Mrs. Salisbury kept on to the end of her tale, when the General ran impolitely out of the room. Mrs. Salisbury was Ellie, and he had never discovered it. Then Rachel and Ellie danced to a little sing-song which was very pretty, and afterwards Rachel played on the banjo, and she and Ellie sang old negro melodies, particularly those of old Shady. The sick mother, the distinction of the family, the motive of the entertainment, the tenderness and talent of the two girls, both so young and

pretty, and yet one the mother of four children, made a great impression on me. . . .

I am writing at railroad speed, as Mrs Platt comes for me at 10–½. I enclose a scrap from the morning Sun. Ingersoll is a fool. The fool hath said in his heart there is no God. He certainly does not reason.

I had a letter from H this morning. I wish she could have seen her Father in Hartford. Poor dear "Father," if he only gets home whole, and can be got into trousers unbagged at the knees, and will feel that he is warm in a cut-away coat, he will look ten years younger. There is no trouble save in his feelings. "He 's all right," but he loves the confessional and the lay sister (me) — why, I do not know, as I always shrive him out of hand.

With love,

H S B

To James

Fifth Avenue Hotel New York Nov 3rd

Dearest Jamie, — Little to write about save the procession,[1] Republican, which started at two, and now at six is still screaming itself hoarse and passing up

[1] The parade of Oct. 29, 1884, in New York, is described by Mr. Bryce, the present British Ambassador to the United States, in the chapter called "The Presidential Campaign" in his book "The American Commonwealth." "Rain fell incessantly, and the streets were deep with mud, but neither rain above nor mud below damped the spirits of this great army, which tramped steadily along, chanting various campaign refrains."

Fifth Avenue with ever pressing on columns. It recalls that awful Saturday afternoon four years ago, but O, the difference to me! The Republicans have the right of way till seven, and the Democrats have it at eight. We are to leave Monday morning to be in Augusta Tuesday. Father stands here overlooking and hurrying the firemen building the fire, for we have been driving in Central Park, and now have dinner before us, and your Father, alas! a speech in Brooklyn. He threatens to go to bed, but he will not. Walker has gone to Poughkeepsie, where I hope he may cover himself all over with glory. I have been interrupted by the arrival of a box of beautiful roses from Aulick Palmer.[1] He and Mrs Palmer have been here today, starting literally on their way to Washington. The Phippses too have been here, she looking well and handsome and well dressed. Tomorrow we lunch with Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. You would not be very proud of the Beloved's clothes, but the real man is all right. He would not go on to the stand this afternoon, as he is not a candidate, and thought that place better filled by Morton and Miller.[2] Rachel will go home with us. Goodnight, with love,

H S B.

[1] Consul-General at Dresden in President Harrison's first administration, and since 1898 Marshal of the District of Columbia.

[2] Levi P. Morton, the vice-presidential candidate and Warner Miller, U. S. Senator from New York.

To H., at Farmington

Augusta November 12th 1888

My dear H., — There are as many hopes and fears and exultations and satisfactions worked into this bureau cover I am just sending off to you, as the vengeance tied into her knitting in Defarge's Wine Shop. I did the first leaf in New York on Saturday, hope and fear almost equally contending, then I took it up next after our arrival home Monday, when the die was cast and nothing known. The second leaf is all hope, and under its exhilarating influence, such a good supper was eaten. Then comes a long stretch of leaves and tendrils wrought in an abasement of soul and an abandonment of hope, such as those only know who have been fed and nurtured on political aspirations and convictions. The patriot here comes uppermost and all personal disappointment sinks into insignificance in comparison with my country's sad prospects. It is now eleven o'clock, when the Republican strength begins to assert itself, and the calculations of our leaders to be justified by the rapidly incoming returns. And from the first corner begins a wave of triumph which is to know no return and which has now seen the last stitch of this complicated embroidery. Really it is an election flag.

We celebrate tonight, and Walker has bought of a Cleveland man two dollars worth of lanterns. *He* had no use for them. These will go to the front of the house, candles in the vestibule, and all the gas and lamps we can muster in the house, must do the rest. The great illumination will be your Father's speech. Fortunately the day is fine. Rachel is to leave tomorrow afternoon, Walker going with her to Boston and putting her on the train. He goes to Mattapoisett and I think Yarmouth. All our plans for the winter are still nebulous. Your Father will go to Washington shortly househunting. He is in the best of spirits and apparently perfect health.

H S B.

Monday evening, November 19th 1888

Dearest H., — I hate to bore you with such a poor letter as I am just entering on, but this is my third, and my hand, weird to begin with, is now as wabbling as a broken leg, but you will want to rejoice with me that M. is really off for a little holiday, and that that grey and melancholy waste of a Cooper, whom we brought across old Ocean, is out of employment, the only office she has been called upon to perform to-day to my certain knowledge, being the papering and tying up of a Sorrento portfolio, which

your father has sent to Judge Whitehouse[1] at this late hour, as a little souvenir of his masterly welcome home to him. Put those hims and hises where they belong, dear. M. went away last night at eleven, and her going so broke Jacky up, that he was not seen of mortal man to-day till five o'clock. Mrs Hunter has now made him a great cup of gruel which has greatly strengthened him. Speaking of cooks, she wished those pies sent with her very best love to Miss H. I am so glad they turned out well. Ours are daily delicious, but as she makes only one at a time, there is always the risk of disaster. I think your father will very soon go to Washington, Jacky with him, to look up winter quarters for us, and it is barely possible that you may pass your Christmas in that favored city. It is not at all cold here yet, but I shall be glad to be where there is more society. At present we are almost as exclusive as we were in Florence.

To M.

Thursday evening, December 13th, 1888

Dearest M., — Now I indeed feel that fifteen wild December days are in store for us. Nothing can quench the ardor of Herbert. He used

[1] William Penn Whitehouse of Augusta, Judge of the Supreme Court of Maine.

water at boiling heat, and screwed on those heavy windows alone. Imagine George Beale bending beneath those gates of Gaza. Let me see what else can I tell? The Burleigh message goes joyfully on. Jamie goes to the Unitarian treat tonight with Bert Brooks. Your eldest nephew stands here bent on conflagration. His brother has just been carried out to the kitchen by a white girl and a black girl. Jamie, your mantle on his shoulders, goes daily and semi-daily to Aunt Susan's. I shall not have her come here till after the Alger visit. I am deep in Coppinger petticoats, and find them as interesting as the Evolution of the Species or the Diary of Marcus Aurelius.

H S B

Sunday afternoon, December 16 1888

My dear M., — While your Father, Gen. Alger,[1] Mr Manley and the boys are having a post prandial powwow in the library, I indite a few lines, to suggest to you that you buy a Christmas present for H in New York. The Alger visit is going off nicely, he being most affable and pleased with everything. He goes tonight at eleven. The oracle at Indianapolis he has little faith in. After he gets

[1] Gen. Russell A. Alger, Governor of Michigan, Secretary of War under President McKinley, and later United States Senator.

away, I hope the Pater will go to Washington. It seems a pity that your good time should be cut short by coming home, when there is no conceivable reason why you should. I occupy these days in buttonholes and other needle craft, in which you cannot assist me a particle. Blaine went to church with me this morning, Mrs Cony taking him home to dinner. He has just telephoned his darling grandma. Mrs Hawes thought she had never seen so good a boy.

W. B.

1889

To H., at Farmington

Washington [1]
January 11th, 1889

Dearest H., — It is very late, but I must write you a line, though I feel reluctant to be the medium of bad news, for Jacky, who only got here at five this afternoon, has broken both bones of his right ankle, so that he has spent his first evening at the Normandie under the hands of a surgeon. His leg is now in plaster, and the doctors assure him that in two months he will be as good as ever. Is it not a disappointment? Barring this sad mishap, the Normandie opens well. My rooms are full of flowers, and my table is loaded with cards, invitations and notes of welcome. I like our rooms too so much. Your Father has stood the evening like a hero. I shall write you daily and you must not worry. A convalescence is often a season of great happiness both to the patient and the watchers.

Hotel Normandie
Sunday afternoon, January 13th

Dearest H., — Walker smoking and reading in bed, your Father out driving with Tom Sherman, inspecting land which he owns but has never seen, cards coming up every other minute, but as I

[1] Mr. Blaine returned to Washington in January, 1889, and in the following March became Secretary of State under President Harrison.

gave up my whole morning, I deny myself that I may write in the afternoon, the letters which now strew the carpet. A long one, my first, to Emmons, one to Alice, another to Jamie, and now I come to you. How much service M. will be when she gets here. Meanwhile Cooper proves invaluable. After the accident she came forward like a trained nurse, and I have heard Walker say to her fifty times as she changed the pillow under his poor leg, "Cooper, you are an angel." Her face "sort o'" relaxes, and she shows a demure consciousness that she is heaping coals of fire on his head, for he did rather blow her up in the carriage as he drove to the Station. Your Father dines out this evening, as he did last night. Walker has suffered much less to-day than he did yesterday, and last night we all slept, so that really our bodies and minds are now at rest. This has been written in all sorts of circumstances. Dr Loring and Dr Magruder are now cutting away the plaster to relieve the swollen heel. Poor Jacky! Dear H, good-bye,

H S B.

To James, at Waterville

Hotel Normandie
Sunday afternoon, January 13th

Dearest Jamie, — Only a line this time, as Emmons has the long letter, and Alice has not yet had

any. Walker's dreadful pain gave way last evening, and he began to sleep. He had hardly had an hour's unconsciousness before. I too had a good night, for the bellboy agreed to look in on him every half hour, and if I was wanted call me. Nothing restores one to moral and physical health like sleep, so to-day I am full of courage and even tempered. Jacky sees a great deal of company, as all his friends are coming to inquire for him. Washington is beautiful and shows herself conscious of it. Your Father dined out last night and is to this evening, and this will prove to you that we are of good cheer, but how I miss the help of Walker! Not a box is opened, and Cooper and I have to get at things as we can. Sally has been in many times, and Mrs Loring is a frequent visitor. I think you must have heard of Walker's accident before it was known at all in Washington, as your telegram and Mr Manley's from Bangor came long before the evening papers were out, the first announcement of it here. M. telegraphed that she would be over this evening, but we have told her to stick to her first plan and come tomorrow. I shall be glad enough to see her.

MOTHER.

Hotel Normandie
Friday morning, January 8th 1889

My dearest J., — Your letters, the last of which I have just read, are a morning blessing to me. It is now high morning. M. and I have just been making our morning call on Jacky, whom we found smoking a cigarette and reading light literature. He had already sent into our rooms the morning papers with the good news of Washburn's senatorship.[1] Yesterday was a bad day for him, as his room had to be given to the Mortons, and the moving gave him some pain and more apprehension. Four colored men carried him in a blanket from one room to the other. M. went to a dinner at Mrs. Hitt's, and your Father dined with the Farmers' Club at Don Cameron's, so I had a chance at poor Jacky's nervousness in the evening. When I saw that favorite Vienna bag going across the room on a high fly, I sent for the doctor, but he has had a good night, and the heavy atmosphere of yesterday is replaced by clearer and purer air. With much love,

H S B.

Hotel Normandie. Washington January 20th 1889.

Dearest Jamie, — Can you keep a secret? I know you can and will, and this is a state as well as

[1] William D. Washburn, Senator from Minnesota.

a family one. Harrison has written your Father asking him to be Secretary of State. The letter came this morning and we are now just through breakfast. Besides the formal official letter written by himself, there is another letter, long and personal, also in his own handwriting, full of cordial words and good understanding, without one syllable to which even the most exacting can take exception. In short these letters are good as the best, and there is no doubt that your Father will accept this trust, and gladly. I have come out of Walker's room, where his bed is surrounded by your Father, M., Emmons, and Mr and Mrs J. M., to make you a sharer in this most interesting family affair. Emmons came yesterday morning and goes to New York Tuesday. He is very well and frankly and fully withdraws all criticism of Harrison. The question now is a house in Washington, and we can go on very differently than we could before. I suppose you are in Augusta now, your first week in Waterville over. Jacky has served a little longer apprenticeship than you. Poor fellow, he is so tired of the bed and so weary — and at times so nervous it is hard for him. He does not expect to be out of bed for a week more, then comes the trying experience of crutches, to be followed I hope by an absolute restoration to the use of the

leg. H and Alice and no others will know of Harrison's letter, and it would trouble your Father inexpressibly should it leak out, so be careful. Your Father sends his love, and so do I and all the others.

H S B.

To H., at Farmington

Hotel Normandie. January 22nd

Dearest H, — I think of you always and write you seldom. You would not wish this structured sentence reversed, would you? As usual I am writing between the masthead and the ground. A well ordered writing table, a still room, and a silence uninterruptible, put all my ideas to flight. It is the old "moral," opposition without makes a community strong within. Jacky has breakfasted and so have I, and he is now in the hands of Cooper, who hands him the little accessories of the toilet. Poor dear boy! He had a hard day yesterday with his nerves, which refused to down at his bidding, and when I saw M. and Emmons and their great Chief, as Mr Phelps calls him, going off to Mrs Palmer's dinner, I wondered how we who were left, would ever get through the evening. But he was a lamb. This is what M. H. calls her husband. Emmons says Chicago people do not know what to make of it when at five o'clock they hear her deep voice calling

out to him, "My Lamb, a cup of tea?" Cooper has just entered the room to take my superb roses to Walker. Our parlor is always pretty, and with flowers it is perfect, and hitherto my friends have kept it filled.

Hours after. At the hiatus came a colored boy "Mrs Blaine, your husband wants you immediately" — You can imagine what that implied. He was getting up at the last possible moment for the eleven o'clock train for Baltimore, whither he and Mons were going to attend a railway meeting. All his clothes were missing from his head to his heels, his hat to his gaiters, and was his breakfast ordered, and the coupé? The last I saw, Emmons was putting him into his overcoat. M. is not up and Walker is, — his first get up in Washington. He is extended on a steamer chair — a great step. She dined at Mrs. Palmer's and was at E's cotillion. An immense quantity of pinks and roses has just arrived, also Mrs Wiswell for a morning chat, and Mrs Morton to tell me that they have bought the Bell House. Would that we had one to our hand, as I suppose your Father's office will involve the rental of one for a year while we are building.

H S B.

To James, at Waterville

Tuesday morning January 22nd

My dear Jamie, — I ordered your book yesterday from New York as I could not find it in Washington. This is how we stand or sit or lie this morning. Walker has had a good night, his breakfast, the morning papers, and is now making his toilet as carefully as ever. Yesterday he was not so well, having neuralgia in his head, which made him nervous and pettish, and for him, self-centered. I will not say selfish, for he is never that when in his right mind. I also have had my breakfast. Your Father got home at one; of Emmons and M I know nothing. As soon as I am through with this letter, I shall write Mr Manley telling him of Harrison's letter. The acceptance was written yesterday, but it has not yet been mailed.

We are now much agitated on the subject of a house. I do not think your father will build on Dupont Circle. The plan now is to sell that plot of land and buy on 16th street and build there. Were it not for the official part, I would not care a groat to live here, so completely am I through with its social exactions. Jacky hopes to sit up to-day.

Be a good boy and love your mother.

Hotel Normandie
Thursday morning January 24th

Dearest Jamie, — I fancy that your letter which came this morning was a little blue. I hope not. It has been such a comfort to find hitherto that you were not dispirited, but if you are, I hope it is only a mood which will soon pass away. I wrote Joseph Manley at your Father's request, telling him in confidence the Harrison correspondence. I felt and your Father felt that this confidence was due him, and the only reason for not speaking of it openly is the etiquette of leaving to Harrison the announcement. Clarkson [1] is in this room now talking politics. When I think of the rush in which I am to be involved after March 4th, with no house and no prospect of any for a year at least, I feel that I should welcome any haven, which would shield me from the storm. And we have such a house, if only your Father had not leased it. As I wrote, I have ordered your book, and your belts will go. Do not get depressed. It is a family tendency which ought to be put down with a strong hand. I enclose copies of letters which you may send to Mr Manley.

Most affectionately,

H S B.

[1] James S. Clarkson of Iowa, later First Assistant Postmaster-General under Harrison.

January 30th

My dear Jamie, — I see that the press has asserted with much confidence that the President-elect has proffered the portfolio of state to your Father and that it has been accepted. Poor Jacky is still in bed, and the long confinement has so weakened him that now it is an agreeable retreat for him. We are all taking the deepest interest in the house question and are almost decided on taking the Seward house.[1]

[1] The Seward House on Lafayette Square was one of the historic houses of Washington. It was built in 1831 by Commodore John Rodgers, U. S. N., on land said to have been once the property of Henry Clay, who, tradition says, staked a pair of mules against it in a game of poker and won the land. The house was built in the colonial style, with many out buildings, Southern fashion, in the rear. After Commodore Rodgers' death in 1838 it became a fashionable boarding house, and among those who lived there was John C. Spencer, Secretary of War under President Tyler. It was next used as a club, on the steps of which Philip Barton Key, United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, was shot by General Sickles, afterwards dying in a room in the southwest corner. William H. Seward, Secretary of State under Lincoln, next occupied the house, and there as he lay ill in his bedroom on April 14, 1865, Wilkes Booth called on him the afternoon preceding the night on which he assassinated President Lincoln at Ford's Theatre. On that same night another assassin forced his way into the house and into Secretary Seward's room, the large southwest bedroom on the third floor, carrying a bowie knife with which he several times stabbed Mr. Seward, who was saved only by falling upon the bed and rolling from it on the side away from the assassin. The would-be murderer escaped by riding his horse at a walk along H Street, then the Bladensburg Pike. The excitement and uproar had by this time drawn people into the streets, all of whom he coolly referred to the Seward House, riding slowly to a point near Pennsylvania Avenue, and from there on so fast that his horse was

Lizzie Cameron lives in the next house on Lafayette Square. We can cut and trim wherever we please without consultation with the agent. It is roomy and old fashioned and delightfully situated, on the other side of the Square from the Marcy house, and then I could furnish it as though it were my own property, and we could have the option of buying for two years. I cannot bear the idea of a furnished house, nor do I want the trouble and delay of building. Willie Camac will put in all improvements, or rather he will be given the opportunity of doing it. I have not yet seen Lizzie. Our rooms are crowded all the time, and when I go out, it is always like a gambler, with a pack of cards.

found dead the next morning. This was Payne, who was afterwards captured and hung, one of the most fearless of the Lincoln conspirators. Still later the house was used by the Government for the archives of the War Department, the great weight of papers stored there so weakening the floors that when Mr. Blaine purchased the property in 1889 steel girders were required to re-enforce the second story.

In the Seward house died Walker Blaine, January 15th, 1892, Alice Coppinger, within three weeks of that date, and Mr. Blaine himself on January 27, 1893, in the same room in which Payne had made his attempt on Secretary Seward's life. In the autumn of 1894 the house was torn down; and its site is now occupied by the Belasco Theatre, in the outer wall of which is incorporated a commemorative tablet.

Hotel Normandie, Friday morning Feby 1st 1889.

Dearest J., — Your Father passed his 59th happily enough. Somebody sent him a shining new beaver, Aulick Palmer a pot of magnificent roses, H a telegram, you ditto, C. A. ditto, "Titus 3-15, Deut. 28th, 12th and 13th,"; Emmons brought him Taine's French Revolution. I went to luncheon at Fanny McKee's and he and M went to a fine dinner at Mrs. Loring's. Dr Lincoln came in to see Walker yesterday, and entreated him to stay in bed a week longer, leaving the plaster undisturbed. He is willing enough to follow this advice. I was at Lizzie's yesterday, but as it was her day, her parlors were so filled that I had little opportunity to talk with her. She looked like a smiling fairy on crutches, for she turned her ankle while dancing with Emmons at E's ball. He had no idea of it at the time. Her house beamed with cheerfulness, and as it is really the counterpart of ours, for so I may now venture to call that old Seward house, I was much interested in it. Camac comes over to-day, and will enter at once, I suppose, on its renovation. I have $20,000 for repairs and furniture. If anyone had told me at your age, Jamie, that I should ever have $20,000 to handle at my own sweet will, I should have believed in him or her, just as I believed in Aladdin's lamp, fascinating but supernatural, and yet so many other things have

been added to these, that the thousands seem like the small dust in the balance. What has been done can be done again. With love,

H S B.

To H., at Farmington

Hotel Normandie, Saturday morning, February 2nd

My dearest H., — Do you think because I never write you that my heart is not true to Poll? Jamie must have a daily letter, and I must tell people that I cannot go to their dinners and can to their luncheons, and altogether I seem to have a pen behind my ear as constantly as Blainey, bless his dear little face! This morning, I am up an hour earlier than usual to breakfast with Emmons and see him off on his winding way, and M did the same, but the Father, who was over confident last night, is still warmly tucked up in his blankets, while Tom, with pencil and paper, is taking notes for a letter. O my dear, that terrible correspondence which is all on one side, and which thrice and four times a day adds to the great heap of unanswered letters! Always as soon as I can get into my old plush wrapper, I pay Walker a visit. His cordial cheerful tones are a perfect elixir, you feel at once, "here is a helper of the helpless," and *I*, at least, unload all my carking cares onto his bed, for he is still in bed, nor will he shed that plaster leg for

a week yet. After he has had his real breakfast, eleven o'clock, and has scrupulously made his toilet he is slided onto E's long chair, where he stays for hours, while his bed is freshened and remade. But you must not suppose that Jacky is at all dependent on his family for society or attention. Mrs A. sends cut glass pitchers of punch tied up with half mourning ribbons and doughnuts and angel's food (not all at once), and Mrs P sends terrapin, and roses and fruit come galore.

Camac is also here. He arrived yesterday afternoon armed with a roll of plans for the new house. Of course he must be disappointed to find that scheme abandoned and the old Seward house determined on, as it is, but he has addressed himself to the new issues with smiling cordiality and unaffected sweetness. How shall you like a great chamber looking to the south and west over the prettiest city in the world? I am so fascinated with this old house that even Mrs Warder's great and really beautiful palace finds no favor in my eyes. Your Father is getting up, and the day of cards and knocks of Vanity Fair is beginning, and I must cry my wares in its market, so dearie, good-bye, with love and an unfaltering trust,

H S B.

To James, at Waterville

Hotel Normandie. Wednesday February 6th

Dearest Jamie, — There is so little to tell that I hesitate about even saying good morning, feeling for your disappointment at not finding even two pennyworth of news in the envelope. But you may be sure that it is freighted with deepest interest in you and all that concerns your happiness, or, what is better, your welfare.

Dr Lincoln cut off Walker's leg, (plaster) yesterday. He tugged over it in his shirt sleeves, great beads of perspiration running down his fiery red face, for a long while. At last the old wall lay in bits on the floor, and the poor twisted, emaciated, yet swollen leg, lay in the light of day. It was bathed in warm water, dried, and put into pasteboard splints, greatly we hope to the benefit of its owner.

Thursday evening, if it be not Friday morning.

I am sitting up waiting for your Father and M., who are out, and to put the finishing touches to Walker, as I usually do about midnight. The contract for the house is signed, so we shall at once begin to repair. It is a great comfort to me that we do not build, though I am afraid this house will cost us much money. The contract was signed to-day at noon. Your Father will write about the hotel versus

boarding house. I advise the latter. Walker has walked both yesterday and to-day on his crutches from his bedroom into our parlor. He is dressed now every day. Two colored boys walk on either side. When he first tried to stand his well leg gave way and he fell over. I can no more, so goodnight. With love,

H S B

To H., at Farmington

Sunday afternoon February 10th

Dearest H., — I am sorry that it was "lack of time and not of ingratitude" which kept you silent. For an exact student of language, my dearest namesake has slipped up, though through the false words I read the true spirit. It was only an X I sent, and this time it is only a V. M has gone to E's Sunday evening supper. Her old black lace, red ribboned gown, marks her estimate of the company she expects to meet. Coming home this afternoon, half frozen, from a drive with your Father, I found her playing hostess to the French Minister,[1] the Turkish[2] ditto and John Kean.[3] As we brought in John Hay

[1] Theodore Roustan.

[2] Mavroyeni Bey.

[3] At that time Member of Congress and later Senator from New Jersey.

with us, our little parlor was soon full of hubbub. Walker, after a long séance with Adee, had fled exhausted to the retreat of his own room. He has come back to us however, crutching it alone. This is a great improvement on the two colored boys who hitherto have borne up his faltering steps. Three times to-day he has walked from his own room to our sitting room, and he has dined with your Father and me, the first meal he has taken with us in Washington. Your parents (Emmons commenced his last letter "dear parents") lunched with the Wickham Hoffmans. As we are expected to take her cook, I had some curiosity about the table, which pleased me fairly. Cook reminds me of house. How do you want your half of your room papered? Pink or blue or yellow or red or neutral? I go to sleep every night, just as I used to over the Dupont circle — fancying how this or that barren waste shall bud and blossom like the summer. Now your Father is reading aloud Samoa [1] to Walker, and my thoughts

[1] King Malietoa of Samoa was deposed by the Germans for alleged robbery and insult and replaced by Tamasese. The British and French consuls protested and there was an insurrection against Tamasese headed by Mataafa. This was followed by the Conference on Samoan affairs at Berlin in 1889, when the Samoan Isles were declared to be independent neutral territory, Great Britain, Germany, and the United States to have equal rights there, and Malietoa was recognized as king. These troubles were finally settled by the Samoan Treaty of 1900 and the partition of the Samoan Islands.

diverge to Malietoa. Emmons comes to-night at ten on railway business, quite a surprise as he had abandoned all expectation of so doing. Margaretta Cameron is to be married at her grandfather's in Harrisburg. I am glad for you that you had the Hartford occasion. My liking to José and love to you.

To James, at Waterville

Hotel Normandie. Monday February 11th

My dear Jamie Blaine, — My morning has gone, but the afternoon shall not, without a line from me. Walker is here in our parlor, dressed, his foot in a stocking, interested in his book and all the talk, and Emmons is here too, both smoking cigarettes. X. has been here, talking frozen truths about Harrison, who has let him know that he will not be called to his cabinet, and this morning Z. has written your Father that he too has been notified that there is no place for him. The idea apparently is that having given Blaine the head of the table, no distinctively personal friend shall also have a seat. All

Mr. Blaine's attitude in the Samoan difficulty was to deny Germany's claim to paramount influence in the islands and insist upon the equality of the three powers, Great Britain, Germany, and the United States, that had established governmental status there.

this makes your Father anxious for the harmony of the — hateful phrase — official family. We are hurt in X's hurt, and disappointed that the Z's are not to be in Washington. Do not speak of this, for I am writing you state secrets. Your Father is now looking up Samoa on the map. It would be worth your while, if you have not already done so, to read up Samoa. I thrill when I think of the part which your Father may play in the future of this country. He absorbs things now. Emmons came last night, and will be here through the week. He will be busy on business at the Capitol. We have had quite a snowstorm this morning. Somebody is coming up, the room is wanted, so good-bye. Most affectionately,

H S B.

To Hon. Joseph H. Manley

Tuesday Morning,
Hotel Normandie. Feb'y 19, 1889.

My dear Joseph, — Walker is at last really better. He went to the Country Club yesterday to breakfast and saw a great many friends. Emmons is still here and goes to Baltimore tomorrow to see Mr. Davis. It is very interesting here now, almost painfully so. The new old house had its first upripping yesterday. Edmunds wants Mr. Blaine to know that Seward thought the floors in-

secure. We are having solid beams of wood and iron girders put in, new floors laid when necessary, a new kitchen, six south windows put in, wholly new plumbing and a steamheater, besides all the changes visible to the naked eye. Meanwhile we are getting on fairly well at the Normandie. We have our own table and a good one, though our German waiter might have been brought up on the Kennebec for all he knows of table service. Our own little parlor is crowded from morning till night and into the night. It is pretty well filled now though I am writing just after breakfast, by Mr. Blaine, and Walker and Emmons and Tom Sherman. Three men are now coming in. —— feels very badly about the Cabinet. He wished and expected to go in, but in address he is a perfect child, though indirect methods are natural to him.

Mr. Hale has been in this morning to see Mr. Blaine over some technical point, and Charles was here Sunday, full of talk, down on the Tribune for not giving his speeches and with all his extravagance and egotism, enough common sense to reduce the whole.

Give my love to all the Manleys and all the Conys and believe that we believe the old State House [1] safe

[1] There was a question of moving the capitol of the State to Portland.

in your hands. It would be the irony of fate to lose the State House and have the new vestry left on our hands. With much love,

Your friend,

HARRIET S. BLAINE.

To H., at Farmington

HOTEL NORMANDIE. Friday afternoon Feby 22nd

DEAREST H., — Shall you thank me for putting you to the trouble of reading a stupid letter, for I have nothing to write about but luncheons, and what is more objectionable than warmed over coffee and other people's food? To-day I have breakfasted with Mrs Hunt of Garfield cabinet memory, a twelve o'clock breakfast, which implies an empty stomach. Everything was beautifully ordered and ceremoniously ordained, so that the eater hardly perceived till all was over, how little there really was wherewith to assuage hunger, so that two large oranges and a whole saucer of bon bons brought in by Marian Phelps are hardly keeping me up till dinner. Charlie, our German waiter, is so embarrassed unless he is doing something for us, that our dinner table becomes one mosaic of meats and vegetables, all the courses jumbled together.

Monday morning — Was there ever so patched

up a letter before? This is one of our mornings. Camac just arrived, builder also here and plumber, Jacky reading over estimates, people coming and going, and Harrison to arrive to-morrow. M is just going out, to leave a note for Mary Leiter and to breakfast with Sally. She returns to hunt a dollar for three wash cloths just bought to help a poor woman along. The day is bitter cold, and Walker's leg aches. I was at church yesterday in our new pew, and felt respectable as well as devotional, and proud too, when my friend Mrs Eugene Hale gave two thousand dollars toward the liquidation of the debt of twenty thousand, which was wiped out in half an hour. And here is Eagan's woman, of whom I am ordering two new gowns. Mrs Hale has been here to ask your Father and me to dinner to meet the Hannibal Hamlins — but I must send off this unparalleled letter and begin a new one.

H S B.

To James, at Waterville

Hotel Normandie. Tuesday morning February 26th

Dearest Jamie, — Your boy is a perfect beauty. How dearly I could love him! How dearly I do love him, and some time, not far off, I trust that we may come together.

This is the day of Harrison's arrival, and I suppose the beginning of your Father's labors. I do hope he will be able to bear them in reality better than in anticipation. The city is very full, and of course there are all the great stacks of seats which accompany an inauguration. We have no seats to witness the Senate (always the most interesting) ceremonies from, nor can we get any. Your Father of course has the entrée of the floor. We are working on the house, which will by and by arise from the dust and ashes which now fill it, into a beautiful home. It is no use for me to try to write. Our rooms are overcrowded, your poor Father overworked and nervous, and everybody that comes in so delighted to see him that no one goes out. I often wish we were hidden in the safe obscurity of Augusta.

Most affectionately,

H S B.

Your Father says, looking at the picture, "I can feel that boy pulling powerfully at my heartstrings."

HOTEL NORMANDIE. Tuesday morning, March 5th 1889

DEAREST JAMIE, — Such a day as yesterday! My prevailing impression is one of vast ranges of umbrellas, black bubbles. M., Walker and I, with Mrs

Patterson, Sally, and Mrs Palmer and Woodruff,[1] a friend of Walker's, went early to the Capitol, having seats in the Diplomatic Gallery. The Senate ceremonial is always interesting. All the Harrison party looked well, though Mrs Harrison is too much given, as am I, to making everybody comfortable, and as only two long seats had been reserved for the incoming President's and Vice President's families, and a large contingent from Indiana was at her back, she had more than her hands full for about fifteen minutes to get everybody seated before the entrance of Cleveland and her husband. Mrs McKee, her daughter, appeared beautifully, refined, well dressed, interesting. I did not see the President take the oath of office, nor the Chief Justice administer it, though I wished to, but it was a pouring rain, the crowds were dense, and we had poor Walker in tow. After coming down from the Capitol, M., he and I spent the afternoon at the Riggs Bank, upper rooms, where Col. Bliss and General Anderson [2] had lunch. None of us had spirits or strength for the ball. I sent you five handkerchiefs Saturday, and Cooper is marking some more. Also I ordered the book you sent for. I can give you no idea of the bustle we

[1] Timothy L. Woodruff, later Lieutenant-Governor of New York in 1896, 1898, and 1900.

[2] Gen. Nicholas Anderson of Ohio, then a resident of Washington.

live in. Our small rooms, irregular habits, Tom always in the parlor, the cards, the notes, the letters which cumber every table, the great crowd of personal friends of your Father in Washington, all of whom desire to see him, and their wish should be gratified. He has this moment gone to the White House, to see that the Home Market Club are received. I hope the Cabinet will be anounced to-day, so that we may have a second carriage. Emmons has had serious thoughts of leaving Chicago to go on to the West Virginia road, headquarters at Baltimore, but his final decision I think will be Chicago.

To H., at Farmington

Thursday morning March 7th

My dearest H., — Tom has packed all the letters, papers and pamphlets, the unconsidered trifles of your Father's correspondence, and taken them to the Department, in the official wagon, official porters bearing the burden, and Sally has gone driving with the Secretary in the State carriage, which has been slowly revolving at the Normandie portal for an hour. It is all delightful, delightful to see your Father occupied with urgent business worthy of his high powers.

And all the roses and lilies of the valley and heliotropes and hyacinths which are bleeding out their

life in this room, speak to me delightfully of the friends who are glad to see us once more back, and well backed, a horrid play on words! Jacky is off to the Department too, to be ready for his Father. We have breakfast at 8–½, luncheon at 2, and your Father has all the afternoon at home. I am very impatient for the new house, but the improvements creep imperceptibly. M and I spent two hours yesterday looking at wall paper, had specimens of many laid aside, and then, going home, concluded that we should not mind if we never saw any of them more. Have your oranges arrived? I divided the big box into two lesser ones, sending one to you and the other to Aunt Susan. They are really sweet and juicy and altogether oranges. Eagan's dressmaker is here, and I have two new gowns and am beginning dinners. I hope you are happy at school this time. We saw all the Algers yesterday. A beautiful looking family. Much love,

H S B.

To Hon. Joseph H. Manley

Hotel Normandie. Thursday evening.
March 7, 1889.

My dear Mr. Manley, — You will want to know, I am sure, the personal impression of the new Cabinet [1]

[1] President Harrison's Cabinet was: Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine; Secretary of the Treasury, William Windom of Minnesota;

and how Mr. Blaine enjoys the return to the State Department. This afternoon, I wrote you quite a long letter on these very points and then tore it up because I had expressed myself rather severely on Mrs. Cleveland's withdrawal from the inauguration and the ball and the welcome of Mrs. Harrison to the White House. The Cabinet is rather promising. The less known men are the best and Mr. Blaine enjoys an occupation thoroughly. I have not seen him look so well, so gay, for a long, long, while. Yesterday when the time came for taking the oath of office, Mr. Bayard sent the carriage for him, and on his arrival at the State Department, met him at the entrance, shook hands and showed him every courtesy. Walker went over with his Father and the faithful Tom brought down Justice Miller. Mr. Blaine thought of asking the Chief Justice [1] to administer the oath, because of the Augusta association but finally gave the preference to a Republican judge.

Last night we were all asked to the White House

Secretary of War, Redfield Proctor of Vermont; Secretary of the Interior, John W. Noble of Missouri; Secretary of the Navy, Benjamin F. Tracy of New York; Secretary of Agriculture, Jeremiah M. Rusk of Wisconsin; Postmaster-General, John Wanamaker of Philadelphia; Attorney-General, William H. H. Miller of Indiana.

[1] Chief Justice Fuller, of the U. S. Supreme Court, was a native of Augusta. Samuel Freeman Miller, of Pennsylvania, succeeded Mr. Justice Daniel on the Supreme Bench in 1862, serving till his death in 1890.

but as M and I were going to Dr. Eaton's lecture on the Coaching Trip, only Mr. Blaine went. Almost all the large company were Indianians. Supper was served in the upper corridor and everything was excellent, tea and coffee but no wines, but I observed at Col. Hay's dinner that the President was no abstainer. I think the Harrisons will be very hospitable, that they will spend the salary and I shall not be surprised to see them grow into popularity. Walker has gone to the Country Club to dine with Mrs. Patterson. He is very lame still but with the help of crutches and a carriage gets about. He goes to the Department with his Father. M is at the theatre with the Turkish minister's party and Mr. Blaine is having a tête-à-tête with Tony Higgins.[1]

Of course the Legislature is still in session and the strain is still on you. I do hope all your well laid plans will succeed.

Give my love to your family individually and collectively and believe me, devotedly yours,

HARRIET S. BLAINE.

To James

Thursday morning, March 14th

MY DEAR JAMIE, — Why do I not write you? Too many interruptions. An hour ago, I was trying to

[1] Anthony Higgins, Senator from Delaware.

finish a letter to H, when there came over a letter from Halford,[1] asking me to go to the White House at twelve to receive the Diplomatic Corps ladies with Mrs Harrison. I at once donned my best day gown and went, and am now just back with my eyes full of Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiians, and Coreans, and my ears with their unpronounceable names. Your Father and I were pressed to stop to lunch, but I wanted to get away. M has gone into the country with the Warders and Nannie to breakfast at the Club, and it is now about time for poor Jacky, so lame, so delicate, but so bright, to come home. Of course you saw that the Senate paid him yesterday, the great compliment of confirmation without reference to a committee. He is pleased and complimented with his new position.[2] It will be a happy day for him when he can put both feet to the ground. Mrs Hale has just been in to say goodbye, leaving tomorrow morning for Boston, to see Chandler, and Ellsworth. Josephine and Mrs Medill are here on their way to Fort Monroe. I am going to see them this afternoon. Our house is full of workmen and presents now an absolutely discouraging aspect, but it will fall into order and be as pretty as a picture

[1] Col. Elijah Halford of Indiana, Private Secretary to President Harrison.

[2] Appointed Solicitor of the Department of State.

by next fall. Col. Osgood has written your Father. Mr. Manley and the Governor made a splendid fight, and carried every position of the enemy. Thirty years ago, your Father did the same thing.[1] We hear such good reports of you from all quarters. Nothing does me so much good. Much love,

H S B.

To H., at Farmington

Hotel Normandie March 15th 1889 Thursday morning

Dearest H., — Quartette breakfast for a wonder. Your Father, Jacky wonderfully good looking, but delicate, and so clear headed and clever, M in her Kate Riley yachting costume, though it has always been worn on dry land, and I in my old Bon Marché plush wrapper presenting its *third* front unabashed to the world, made the party. Now, the next hour, we are all scattered. The State people have gone thither, M has hurried off to buy the Secretary gloves, as this is the day appointed for the introduction of the Diplomatic Corps to him, he in turn presenting them at the White House. It is all interesting, though Harrison is of such a nature that

[1] Referring to the effort to change the State capital from Augusta to Portland.

you do not feel at all at liberty to enjoy yourself. For instance, he objected to Jacky as First Assistant Secretary of State. Your Father did not care to make a fight about it, so he quietly put him in as law-adviser. But the President had no one in his mind for Assistant Secretary, so your Father sent in Eugene Schuyler's name. All first propositions are rejected. It is a most uncomfortable twist in the make-up of a man.

Mrs Windom is at the Arno, and I see that she had a reception yesterday assisted by Mrs Nordhoff. Old Caroline presented herself yesterday to announce the decease of Solomon Hunter on Inauguration Day. She was lugubrious in her weeds, and her narrative was ditto, but having buried him, she brightened up. "For the first time in my life, Mrs Blaine, I feel that I am out of bondage."

H S B.

Hotel Normandie. Tuesday afternoon, March 19th.

My dearest H., — The shades of night are falling fast, and I do not seem to have done anything to-day worthy the recording angel's or my own pen. Visitors and notes and occasional presents have filled the flying hours. I have declined and accepted dinners, had my head shampooed and done up in the

vulgarest manner by Lizzie, talked and talked till a lie meant to me as much and as little as the truth, and now at the eleventh hour, here sit I, to send you an XX worth the having and a few, I fear, worthless words. Emmons is here, and he and M are this moment sitting in judgment over English samples for trousers and coats. It rained all day as though reflecting on the inauguration of Harrison, and your Father and Jacky are still at the Department though they have been home to luncheon. Two reminders I have had this afternoon of our pleasant Europe days, a long visit from Mr and Mrs Alexander,[1] the same who twice dined with us at Kilgraston, and two double bulbed green bottles of that famous mint liquor from Mrs Hooper of Paris memory. The wheels of the new administration go slowly forward, and they creak as they go. To-night Mrs Harrison is at home, and we are going. I have quite a number of friends whom I am to present to her American Majesty. Nature has given her pretty features and she has amiability. Jacky is very hard at work and on his crutches — more interesting than I have ever known him, though occasionally very nervous. Mr. Reid goes to France as Minister. Send this to Jamie. Good-bye. Do not worry about the

[1] Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander of New York.

administration, your Father is as young as a boy. Of whom then shall we be afraid? Love.

H S B.

To Mrs. Joseph A. Homan

Hotel Normandie. Wednesday April 3rd

My dear Mrs Homan, — I have never ceased to think of Miss Bennett, though my remembrance has brought forth so little practical fruit. Here now is an X for that dear lady, and if it ought to be a double X let me know, that I may send another. I would not for the world be the means of abbreviating her tenure in the Home by one day. Your old neighbors are all well. Walker has laid aside his crutches and depends only occasionally on a cane. He is indebted to a woman, a scientific manipulator, for this great improvement. It makes me light of heart to see him moving about once more. I suppose he is about as hard worked a man as there is in Washington, but it pays to stand between his Father and the pressure.

The administration made its début last night in honor of the Japanese Prince and Princess. A lovely party — Mrs Harrison handsomely dressed, and the President appearing to great advantage. All the diplomats and officers in uniform, and the little Japs, in whose honor it all was, as cunning as Blaine Cop-

pinger. Mr Blaine is extremely well. He is now out driving with a young and handsome woman, and M is despairingly looking for her lost pocketbook, which I am sure she will never see again. We are all very tired of hotel life. I do not think I shall ever be hungry again. To-day it is as warm as summer, and the squares are really beautiful with blossoming shrubberies and budding trees. Has Mr Homan made his hotbed yet? We are to have H with us in about ten days. Alice writes of your great kindness to her. I hope, dear Mrs Homan, that she did not put you out too much. I am very anxious to go to Governor's Island to see her and the children, but Mr Blaine thinks we are too old to be separated. With best love to Mrs Manley and Abby, and kindest regards to Mr. Homan, always most affectionately yours,

HARRIET S. BLAINE.

TO H., AT FARMINGTON

HOTEL NORMANDIE. Wednesday May 1st 1889

DEAREST H., — It makes me laugh that you should want my autograph, but since 't is so I 'll not say no. Sherman in the parlor, Nissan in the chamber, and Dent with his typewriter in the dining room. What do you think of that for a new version of four

and twenty blackbirds? Jamie is just putting over my shoulder a highly colored send-off of you in the Cincinnati Inquirer. Should you not live up to it, you may consider yourself a failure. Our breakfast — our referring to J. and me — was most agreeably diversified by the arrival of your and M's letters. We were so glad to know you were having a good time. To-day we are getting along better, though not like a locomotive. Your Father was so fascinated with Senator Plumb's book, that he undertook his system last night, but he finds that it will not do to change horses while crossing rivers, so he is going back to a little more varied diet. I have just sent out four notes. To Mr. Risley,[1] a late acceptance of an Easter greeting, to Mrs Hutchinson in acknowledgment of a warm May Day afghan, vicariously to Senator Plumb telling him of my alter ego's rheumatism, and to Mrs Howland accepting an invitation to dinner for Sunday, to meet the British Minister.[2] Of course we expect to get well by that time. Anything like the collapse in Washington I never saw. Outside the hotel seems as vacant as within. Jacky will be welcome tonight, and so I candidly confess

[1] John Ewing Risley of New York, one of the lawyers in the Alabama claims cases, and later United States Minister to Denmark by appointment of President Cleveland.

[2] Sir Julian (afterwards Lord Pauncefote), at that time minister from England and later first English Ambassador to the United States.

will Cooper, as every Normandie employee is now two servants in one body. The elevator boy answers a bell, etc.

My love to M and to yourself.

H S B.

To M., in New York

Hotel Normandie. Friday afternoon May 3rd

My dear M., — If you read the papers doubtless you will have seen before this reaches you, that your Father presented Sir Julian Pauncefote to the President this morning and afterwards attended a Cabinet meeting, and though he ate his luncheon in his overcoat and sat for an hour afterwards in it, I cannot see that he is any the worse for his little outing, so I can dare to hope that our Moses and his Children of Israel are through the wilderness. Tom has just departed, and William Gwynn [1] has gone too, but Dent's typewriter still lingers in the dining room. I am so tired of the State Department taking root, springing up and overrunning the Normandie, that my perspective is all out of line. Walker dined at E. M's yesterday, and when I came from the races to which Mrs Palmer had carried me in her victoria, I found the President here going over the Samoan despatches with your Father. He sat all crumpled

[1] A State Department messenger.

up, his nose and his boots and his gloves almost meeting, but he was examining those despatches with care and great intelligence, and though I am not drawn to him, I cannot refuse him the homage of respect. I am sorry that the details of my daily living are so meager, but rich or poor, gay or sober, I am your, with great affection,

H S B.

To H.

Sunday afternoon, May 5th

Dearest H., — Congratulate me and the principal sufferer, that the embargo of the lumbago is removed and that your Father is actually out again. Last night we dined at Col Hay's, to-day we lunched at Mrs Hitt's, tonight we dine at Mrs Howland's, and at this moment Walker and his Father are bowling out to Dumblane.[1] I have been wanting to write you all day, but this morning I answered a letter from Mr Phelps and then went to church with Walker to the Covenant, and since my return from Mrs Hitt's, A and D have been here, though to forestall them, I sent Mr Blaine in to pay them a visit, and what did this astute ambassador do but bring them home with him, so I lost my drive, but this has been partially made up to me by a visit from

[1] A Washington country club which no longer exists.

Mrs Bailey, Walker's friend. Your two ginghams have come and are paid for. I shall send you W. W. P.'s letter. He attributes *our* good-bye letter to M. Jamie is at Fort Monroe. He sends a line daily. Cousin Abby is publishing her Somers paper in the Cosmopolitan. Do you remember that she wrote an article while we were in the Windom house on the murder of young Spencer,[1] which your Father persuaded her not to print? Good-bye, with much love from

H S B.

To M.

Hotel Normandie. Tuesday morning

Dear M., — All goes well this morning. I have just returned from driving with your Father to the Department. He was gay in spirits and as agile as a boy. I opened Joseph's letter as I thought it might relate to Aunt Susan. Your New York letter came while we were at breakfast, also one from H., telling me of her pleasanter surroundings at Farmington. Jamie came about three, the heat of Richmond cutting short his stay there. He gained

[1] Philip Spencer, the son of John Canfield Spencer, Secretary of War in 1842, was hanged on board the U. S. Man-of-War "Somers," at the age of nineteen, by his Captain, Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, on the charge of mutiny. The three papers entitled "The Murder of Philip Spencer" appeared in the Cosmopolitan Magazine in 1888.

one pound, but is delighted to be back. To-day he is helping Walker clear his desk. The pressure of the State Department is still deep and high, and Jacky threatens to resign. A basket of tulips from Mrs Harrison is exuding their life in the window. It is intensely hot. Mr Denman is asking us to accept his house for the summer, but we shall not take it. Thorndyke Rice [1] is paying his farewell visit here. Your Father thinks he will keep the Bar Harbor house for ourselves. Give my love to Ruth and yourself,

H S B.

To H., at Farmington

Hotel Normandie. Saturday morning, May 25th

Dearest H'r, — I am through with Motley, two large volumes with delightfully broad margins, so that you were not tempted to turn two pages at once to get through with the book, and I have written to Jamie, and M has been gone hours and hours, to Mrs. Hitt's, Reynolds' and Billy's picnic to the Falls of the Potomac, or its branch, fourteen miles, and your Father clothed in his dear old Maine home-spun, reddish, checkered suit, which I never get a

[1] Charles Allen Thorndyke Rice of New York, editor of The North American Review; appointed Minister to Russia by President Harrison, but died before leaving for his post.

glimpse of without seeing dear Kilgraston, and in his right mind, that is a mind set free from bodily care, has gone to the Department, his faithful satellites, Dent and Tom, at his heels, so that I have only the birds to listen to, and the incursions of Cooper to resent. Judge then with what cordiality I turn to you, though I have nothing but nothings to say. It is grey out of doors, and within there are no tints, as all our curtains are down and our roses withered and thrown out, but it is not over warm, and consequently I am erect and clear headed, instead of lying all along shore like a jelly fish. Yesterday your family disported themselves at the races gotten up by the Dumblane club. M and your Father on the Howland brake, Walker in my carriage and I with Aulick Palmer. It was a wonderfully beautiful out of door world, and I enjoyed everything much, losing three dollars and making five. It did seem a little hard that the Howland horses should all have lost. The Howlands got up the affair and Baltimore came in and won.

H S B.

Hotel Normandie. Saturday morning, June 1st

Dearest H., — The first day of summer and Margaret off for Governor's Island.[1] If Alice enjoys

[1] Colonel Coppinger was at this time stationed at Governor's Island.

her as much as I miss her, great will be her happiness! Myself accompanied her to the station, where were Mrs Hitt with roses, and Nannie, Mrs Lodge,[1] whose daughter and daughter's friend were to go to New York under M's auspices, and the Baron Speck von Sternberg and Nannie's dog. When M's tickets were bought, all her change made, the Baron repaid two dollars, which in the imminent deadly breach of departure she had had to borrow of him, and at the 11 and 99/100th minute her trunk checked, I drove away, stopping at Hunt's and paying my bonnet bill, and for the yellow roses and blue ribbon on your old hat, and by so much smoothing the way for our final exit from Washington. Also I stopped at Houghton's long enough to order matting for the two upper floors of the Lafayette Square house. As it is nearing completion, I shall no longer designate it as "that old house that we are fixing up." It certainly promises to be a sweet, sweet home. Not a soul save Cooper has looked in on me since I entered the Normandie, and I am now at 2 o'clock, anxiously awaiting the advent of Walker and his father, to share with them Adolph's steak and strawberries and Mrs Hitt's doughnuts. The weather here is extremely cool and

[1] Wife of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts.

[2] Baron Speck von Sternberg, the late German Ambassador, was at that time Military Attaché of the German Legation.

bearable, and to-day sunshiny, but in May it rained twenty-one days. I hope M did not fail to write you of our twice deferred but in the end glorious excursion to Mount Vernon. Our only drawback, that the belated Hitts arrived too late; the White House private secretary too, I believe, but that was no matter. I send you the Cosmopolitan with the first third of Philip Spencer's murder by Cousin Abby in it. It is really thrilling, and if I can, I will send you a copy of the Mt. Vernon party. My hand is now agley. We sup to-night with Mrs Hitt.

Good-bye, "little sister," with love,

H S B.

To M., in New York

Hotel Normandie Sunday afternoon, June 2nd

My dear M., — Did you read the morning accounts of the Johnstown tragedy?[1] Walker sent the extra Post to our room before breakfast, and

[1] "The most terrible disaster of the kind ever known in our history occurred (May 31, 1889) in western Pennsylvania. By the breaking of a dam, a body of water forty feet high and nearly half a mile in width swept down through a deep and narrow valley. In less than fifteen minutes the flood had traversed a distance of eighteen miles. In that brief time it dashed seven towns out of existence, and ended by carrying away the greater part of Johnstown. The whole valley at that place was choked with ruins; at least five thousand persons lost their lives, and property worth ten million dollars was utterly destroyed." — *Larned's History for Ready Reference.*

when I saw that two trains of cars, detained by the washouts, had been swept into the river, I got frightened, knowing that Emmons was intending to go to Chicago. We telegraphed to his Road and his landlady in Baltimore, and by noon had satisfactory answers that he was in that city. Poor Halford is in an agony of apprehension for his wife and children, who were to come from Chicago on Friday and who have not arrived, and though the operators are all working for him, there is no way open by which he can hear from Chicago. Mrs Hitt too was troubled for Mr Hitt until she saw that those fated trains were eastward bound. Your Father and I are to go there to tea tonight, though I am all demoralized by my sympathy with this great catastrophe. It is not impossible that we may go to New York to-morrow. Observe how cautious is the admission. Only one section, eight telegraph pages of cipher, has come yet from Berlin. Walker and Dent have put it into easy reading for your Father. This is about one eleventh of the whole, so that I do not allow myself to expect to go to-morrow. Tom [1] is here to make his farewell visit, being now closeted with his boss in the new office. He is as sad and sober as though Liverpool had been denied him. After leaving you yesterday and before coming home, I matted

[1] Mr. Thomas H. Sherman had been appointed consul at Liverpool.

the two upper floors of the new house, paid my bonnet bill at Hunt's (that third hat was H's) and had another impossible combination of velvet and greenery sent up. Sir Julian and the Fenno Lees came to see me in the afternoon. My love to all Governor's Island.

Devotedly,

H S B.

Monday forenoon

Dear M., — Just a line to say that we are really and truly going to New York this afternoon. I expect to see Mons at Baltimore. Halford's family were in that train, but they escaped to the mountain, and he knows that they are at Altoona. All their baggage is lost. Mr. Hitt probably went through two hours before the break and is laid up at Altoona. This however is pure conjecture as no telegram has come. I shall leave word at hotel — Fifth Avenue, where I may be found, but I shall not wait to see anyone as time is of the utmost consequence to-morrow. If you are smart, perhaps you can get over to breakfast.

Devotedly,

H S B.

To James, at Waterville

New York June 4th Tuesday morning

Just a line, dear Jamie, to let you know we are in the city you love so well. Your father and I came over from Washington yesterday afternoon, leaving Walker the sole representative of the family, as M. is already at Governor's Island. We saw Emmons as we came through Baltimore. Your Father returns tomorrow morning. I shall stay till the last of the week. We had one hour of great anxiety Sunday, when we thought it not just impossible that Emmons might be on one of those trains detained at Johnstown. Mr Hitt went through two hours before and Halford's wife and daughter were there. They are safe, but it was not until Sunday afternoon that a telegram came through saying they had been taken to Altoona. He was in terrible suspense all day. They lost everything, were drenched, and paralyzed with terror. It is by far the most appalling catastrophe of my day, and my day is now a long one. Mr Sherman has left us — on Sunday afternoon, with profound emotion, he said good-bye. He came to your father when you were about six months old. Dent is fully installed as private secretary. He uses your old bedroom at the Normandie for an office, and there has his typewriter,

his letters, his cipher, his stationery, greatly to my satisfaction. Your clothes left Washington last night.

Most affectionately,

H S B.

To M., in New York

Washington Monday morning, June 9th

Dear M., — Your Father and Walker are so engaged over the Samoan affair that I cannot ask them to write, so I am sitting up to send off this bulletin. I am no worse and possibly better, than I was yesterday, but not at all as bright as when I left Jersey City. I have Dr Magruder and am restricted to slop food, which pleases me. It is a great relief that my duty lies in drink. I have on my red silk skirt, a white waist, have my hair done up and lie all day on the outside of a bed, reading. Delicious lounging I suppose C. A. would call it. A great box of midwinter flowers has just come from Elkins, with whom your Father breakfasted with Mr. Manley this A. M. I went out to Adolph and Walker. You see I am not bedridden. I have waded through the first volume of Blennerhasset's De Stael. What I remember could probably be written down on two pages of my diary. By the way, is my diary at Governor's Island? It did not unpack, and such a

book needs to be accounted for. Ask Nellie to see if I left it on the drawing room table. In any event, find and forward it, even if you have to look for it at the Fifth Avenue. Emmons was over yesterday, bright and happy. The Samoan Conference have conceded everything — a give away, so far as an inferior could do it. Cooper is depositing the flowers. They look well. Be discreet with Samoa. Write to H and Jamie, and let this letter go to either. Too weak for balderdash.

H S B.

Tuesday morning

Dear M., — I thought I should get away next Monday, but now I am a little doubtful, as your Father weakens on the separation. His aquatic excursion makes home and home faces and voices dearer than ever to him. Since his return yesterday morning, he has not been able to go to table without this grace, "Oh what detestable fare we did have on that yacht," — All day Sunday they lay off pastures green on which innumerable cows were feeding, only on Monday morning to be treated to condensed milk in coffee. What can you do with such a family but do without them? I have been this morning to select gas fixtures, and have come home tired both in legs and head. Really I am not wholly my best self yet,

though to-day is so much cooler that I am able to carry about my body unthinkingly. Camac is to be here to-day as our plumber has deserted incontinently. I suspect your Father jerked him up by the hair of his tender head. Of course no one but Mrs S ever did build a house without tribulation, and as she built hers for a diversion for her thoughts from the loss of her husband, the exception did not count. Once settled in it, it will evolve into a beautiful home, if only my children will stick by their parents. Mrs Hitt wants me to tell you that she will be at the Brunswick tomorrow with her mother, whom she joins to-day in transit for Lafayette, I think. Send this letter to H. Love to all. Your transportation is included in that of the family menagerie, but I shall depend on you to go to Bar Harbor with me.

Affectionately,

H S B.

To M., at Governor's Island

Hotel Normandie Sunday morning, June 23rd

My dear M., — I have fully expected to go from Washington Tuesday noon at two o'clock, but I do not remember that I ever have gone till after detention, so it does not surprise me much that your Father thinks that I had better stay till

Emmons comes on Wednesday. This would keep me here till Thursday, and I should arrive at Bar Harbor Saturday, as I wish to go to Davenport's. The arrangements for painting and papering are now all completed, mantels straightened and tiles laid. The new mantels are very satisfactory. His interest in this house, will keep up your Father during his detention here after I go, for I do not think those consulates, etc. will be finished for two weeks yet.

H S B.

To M., in New York

Sunday evening, October, 1889.

Dearest M., — Here I am at the old Normandie and in the same old rooms, only now we sleep in the parlor and live in the bedroom, that were. I am so tired that I hardly know how to write, for I bought all my carpets yesterday morning, and came over here in the afternoon, not arriving till eleven, weary and sleepy. This morning I spent at the house, with which I am more than satisfied, being in fact wholly pleased. How I long to bed and board it into a home! There are two rooms yet to be papered. I would not change it for any house I know. Your Father is in gay spirits and has just

returned from visits at the Hitt house, the J M's and the White House. Mrs Hitt comes on the 7th proximo, and is to be in New York first. A basket of flowers has just come to me from Mrs Harrison. Jacky, to your Father's great disappointment, has not yet come over. He was certainly coming over Friday night, then he concluded to stay till Saturday morning, then till the afternoon, and while we were taking lunch, a note came saying he would be over this morning, and this morning, comes a telegram saying he is prevented by chills and will be over this evening. I do hope he will for he is needed, Wharton [1] being ill at Beverly with typhoid fever. I was sorry to be out when Damrosch called Saturday, for the sudden departure of all of you has left a great emptiness. I expect now to be in New York perhaps Thursday. Your box of sweetmeats to H came over in my trunk and I am eating them. Send this scrawl to her, and with love to your lovable hostess and Jamie,

Most affectionately,

H S B.

[1] William F. Wharton of Massachusetts, First Assistant Secretary of State.

To H., at Farmington

October 27th.

My dear H., — My Sunday is fast drawing to a close, it has been spent in writing to Jamie, in reading, in assorting papers preparatory to our flitting, which I fondly hope, is now only a day or two away, and after this letter is written, in dining with your Father at Mrs Hitt's. I believe I should feel gayer were I better dressed, but I have only that little hat trunk full of clothes which I brought to the wedding, and most of my days are spent in that old Paris street gown of mine, which seems to clamor for an apology every time I put it on. Jamie has closed us all up at Bar Harbor, and has sent me a large envelope of bills audited, and best of all, receipted, in the most approved style, so that I know exactly where to lay my hand to get at any necessary papers. I am just in from one of my many inspections of the house. Emmons has been here from Baltimore, where he was house hunting. To-day he is in New York. I think he and Anita [1] have a half plan of going to Farmington to see you. Walker is well and charming. He dined last night at the Legation and took out Lady

[1] Emmons Blaine was married to Anita McCormick, daughter of Cyrus H. McCormick of Chicago, on September 26th, 1888, at Richfield Springs, N. Y.

Pauncefote. A happy birthday to you, my dearest daughter. I can recall my own 18th with vividness. Affectionately,

H S B.

To M.

Hotel Normandie. Tuesday morning.

Dear M., — I shall not get into the house Saturday, a bad cold which, I now think, began with a chill at Mrs Cony's Saturday evening, prevented me from gathering my many threads into one skein, so Monday will do just as well as Saturday so far as usefulness goes, though I am always delighted to see your face and hear your voice. I have nothing but good words still for the house, whose transformation into a lasting home I am a daily witness of, though but little furniture has as yet arrived. Do you know that I had bought two months ago in New York an inlaid desk exactly like the one we so deliberately bought at Paine's last week? And it arriving before I had time to forget the latter, Dent has just been instructed to revoke the Boston purchase. I think now that your Father expects all the furniture to be twins. He is extremely occupied with his Gladstone article,[1] some pages of which he has just read to me,

[1] Referring to articles by Mr. Blaine and Mr. Gladstone, in The North American Review, on the relative merits of Protection and Free Trade.

most interesting. Besides coughing my head off and listening to the laying out of Gladstone this morning, I have engaged a butler, Mrs Coffey's for three years, fine looking and neat and smart. My cook, whom Mrs Bailey pronounces to be the best she ever saw, is also engaged, and I am in pursuit of a laundress, so that with my cold even, I can almost any day light the sacred household fires. Still I shall not do it before Monday. E., who has tried all the darkies in Washington, says Maria the cook will steal everything away, but goes even further than Mrs Bailey in commendation. Of one thing I am assured, she cannot hunt farther afield than our own old Hunter, and I am not afraid. We are invited to E.'s for dinner Saturday, to meet the Russian Admiral, and your Father is to dine with von Mumm [1] tomorrow for the same object. Please send this letter to H, as I am a little empty minded.

My love to the General's family and to you.

H S B.

[1] Mr. A. von Mumm Schwarzenstein, Secretary of the German Legation.

To H.

Hotel Normandie
Friday evening

Dearest H, — Your father and I have just decided to have our dinner, supper, déjeuner, or whatever that meal which has neither father nor mother nor beginning of days, may be called, up here, and, to my great delight, Dent is sent away, so now I need not change my gown nor put on my company face, but while he adds a few pages to his Gladstone article, which is almost half written with twenty-five days grace remaining, I will devote a few moments to you. Nannie, with that most intelligent of dogs, Phineas, has just gone, and Walker, who dines with Mrs Bailey and who keeps his clothes at Mrs L's, has gone to the latter lady's to dress. Your Father is in great spirits, as one of my papers turned out very unsatisfactory. Unfortunately it is the costliest paper in the house and is in itself a perfect beauty, but it is not a good background for pictures, so I have been down town and selected another, and to-morrow this poor Constance de Beverly of a paper is to be walled up. It is so radiant it almost breathes but it does nothing for pictures. Nannie thinks the house the prettiest thing she ever saw. Our old Augusta spode and glass are all unpacked, so is the blue sofa and armchair, and the bedroom curtains are on the way.

I hope to get into the house tomorrow week and mean to by the first of November.

H S B.

To James, at Waterville

17 La Fayette Square, Washington, November 12th, 1889.

Dearest Jamie, — We have slept in the house for six nights and are still strangers and sojourners in a land of promise. And I am so tired that one kitchen with myself for cook and no dining room attached would look as enviable as Naboth's vineyard. It is so unfortunate to be the best workman. To-day for the first time for ages I have looked at my desk, and as a consequence you will get receipted bills from Bigelow & Kennard and from the authors of your mackintosh. Damrosch spent Sunday with us and started the new piano. He made it ring out melodiously. Emmons and Anita also lunched with us on that day, so that we had quite a family party, with sick Jacky to make us sorry. I do not know what to think about Jacky, he is so far from well. He looks dreadfully, and on the 28th day his chills recommenced. He certainly has worked very hard and does not see his way to a rest. I spoke to him about your preempted ulster, but I do not think he has any to spare. Of course you have heard of Tuly Manley's

engagement to a young Mr Mellen of New York, a graduate of Oxford and still a student of Columbia Law School. Mr Manley wrote me from New York, and I am full of unspoken congratulations. Joseph shared our first dinner in the house — as poor a meal as man was ever invited to. M. dines tonight with the Austrian Minister.[1]

To Hon. Joseph H. Manley

17 La Fayette Square Washington.
Nov. 12, 1889.
Tuesday.

My dear Joseph, — Why did you not speak of Tuly's engagement instead of letting me go on with my monopoly over the house? There are so many questions I wish to ask you. Mr. Blaine thinks that Mellen, the father, must have been Secretary Chase's Chief Treasury Agent and that the Chase in the name of Tuly's fiancé is in memory of Salmon P.[2] Be this as it may, we are all happy in your happiness. I have always supposed that Tuly would marry early and have many to select from, unpromising as is the Augusta field, and I am as interested as it is possible

[1] Chevalier Schmit von Tavera.

[2] Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury under President Lincoln, who, later, appointed him Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court to succeed Chief Justice Taney.

to be out of my own family. Indeed, dear Joseph, I hardly regard her as out of my own fold. You have been so unselfishly loyal to Mr. Blaine and Tuly has passed all her days within sight of my eyes and all the influences which have moulded her character are so familiar and so dear, that I could not feel more desirous than I do, for her lasting welfare. Mr. Blaine will write whenever he has a spare hour. The house runs just a little easier than when you were here but no luxury or beauty will ever compensate for the trouble I have had. I am too tired to easily sleep and the clashing cares connected with it wake me as soon as I do get to sleep. While I am writing, Mr. Blaine is whistling over the bookshelves which he is putting in order. Emmons and Anita and Mr. Damrosch were here on Sunday and Walker arrived from Philadelphia on that day, sick with chills. We are called to dinner. With love to all the family,

H. S. Blaine.

To H., at Farmington

17 La Fayette Square. November 16th 1889

My dear H., — I do not wonder that the Creator of this house for man rested on the seventh day. But did he resume his labor on the first day of the second week? If not, then what a Master builder, that could

say "let it be," and it stood! Behold the creature in contrast with the creator. On Thursday we shuffled our cards and made a new deal. Your Father and I left our roomy and airy and sun-kissed-all-day room, and came down into the guest chamber, though M.'s Walter alone had tried the dark tower. This sounds like a simple feat, as though your parents had hand in hand come down some golden stairs in silver slippers. Not so. First, A P's wide bedstead must be taken apart by an expert, and its heavy joints of solid mahogany and its heavier mattresses, be carried up stairs. It did not add to the lightness of this Samsonian feat that our one stairway was being painted. Then my brass bed slipped down like a little hill, your Father's bigger one went into Walker's room, but had to wait on end till the poor boy stopped shaking, who when he realized what was expected of him, rushed into Cousin Abby's room, and buried himself in her white wool blankets. So Walker's old bed ranged itself by mine. Then followed up or down stairs all the bureaus and dressing tables and mirrors and pictures. But if you think that these bedrooms swiftly exchanged themselves, how precipitous is your conclusion! M. had intended to benefit by this revolution, so her and your furniture take part in this triangular duel. Do you see? I take the spare room, which is indeed spare,

you and M take my room, the visitor takes your old one. So stands the record for Friday night, for Saturday, and so will it stand for Sunday night. But tomorrow, H., do you see what I am coming to? We all shift back! Meanwhile, the house is still. M. is at St John's, Walker is not up, your Father in excellent spirits, is engaged with Dent, and I am writing in the library, unexpectedly one of the most attractive rooms in the house. Not one thing is regularly appointed yet, but we are living in the house and are beginning to like the cook, who, by the way, is as objectionable to Cooper and Nellie as was Christine of summer memory. We have had quite a number stop to lunch, and just about the time that the light of your countenance illumines home, we shall have all the china and all the glass and all the linen, the books, the pictures, the hangings, and the servants in their appointed places, so that all my dear namesake will be asked to do, is to enter into her kingdom and make her subjects happy. That I am to lose M. looms like a cloud on the horizon, while I like W D more than I ever dreamed of liking or loving a new son-in-law. I take it for granted that M. keeps you posted in all family affairs. That she is taking German lessons, that Mrs Hitt, hearing your Father say that he needed a small chest of drawers, sent over and had put up an old French

beauty of hers. Jacky's chills have all come back, Lloyd Bryce [1] has sent your Father his check, though the article will not appear till the North American of January. C A will come on now I hope. The President has sent us four ducks, Emmons and Anita have gone to New York. With a great deal of love, your own,

H S B

To M.

WASHINGTON, Saturday evening.
(Autumn, 1889)

DEAREST M., — Just one line to tell you that your father is sitting up, hard at work on a final revision of the Gladstone papers. Nissan has rubbed him into an angle of less than 45 degrees, and his spirits are erect. I have been in to see Mrs. Hitt, and Mr. Hitt, walking home with me, went up stairs to see your Father and tell him about the Caucus. The President has also been over and up, and his message has been looked over. Dinner has come and gone, and Walker is dressing for Mrs. James's evening. If your Father continues to improve, I may

[1] Gen. Lloyd Bryce succeeded Allan Thorndyke Rice as editor of The North American Review.

go to New York Monday, but I will telegraph you early, or late tomorrow. Here comes Mons, so good-night. Always thine,

H. S. B.

Here the letters of 1889 *end abruptly and courage has been lacking to look beyond that year. The path that the writer was called upon to follow was already passing under the shadow of a great grief and was to lead on, from sorrow to sorrow, into a darkness that was never lifted in this life. She died at Augusta on July* 15, 1903, *having known great joys and great sorrows. As she herself wrote: "So much love and so much life do not often go together."*

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